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THE WAR.

THE Russian assault at Plevna, for which great preparations had been made, appears to have been attended with heavy losses on both sides; but the assailants have gained an important advantage in taking three redoubts on the southern front of the Turkish line, and in carrying the formidable redoubt of Gravitz. But the decisive attack has yet to take place. At the same time, what has happened must be very embarrassing to the Turks, especially as there seems to be no visible limit to the already long delay of SULEIMAN PASHA in attempting or effecting a junction with either of the Northern armies. His mysterious inactivity in this respect has not unnaturally raised suspicions of his loyalty, which are said to have been openly expressed by MEHEMET ALI. In former wars Turkish officers of high rank often showed themselves venal, and even in the present year Ardahan was probably purchased from its Governor by the Russian commander; but no other recent instance is known of treasonable corruption. There can be no doubt that SULEIMAN committed a ruinous mistake when he wasted his best troops in direct attacks on the Russian positions in the Shipka Pass; but his desperate efforts seem to vindicate his good faith at the expense of his judgment. Jealousy of rivals, and disinclination to compromise his independent command, are more probable motives for his present slackness than criminal disaffection. In the dangerous condition of Turkey it is a great misfortune that there is no unity of command, and no general who, like OMAR PASHA in the last Russian war, was allowed by general consent to be the ablest of the Turkish commanders. According to one conjectural theory, the baneful influence of the SULTAN's brother-in-law still affects injuriously the combinations in the field; but it is unnecessary to examine the reasons of a want of concert which is an inevitable result of the general disorganization of the Government. While SULEIMAN PASHA is engaged in some unknown enterprise, or perhaps reduced to inaction, MEHEMET ALI apparently displays little vigour in an advance which would have afforded the only hope of disengaging the threatened army of Plevna. It is creditable to the Turkish Commander-in-Chief that he has hitherto always met the enemy with superior numbers, and that he has consequently not incurred a single check; but, unless he has some imperative reason for delay, the slowness of his movements may deprive him of the reward of several successful combats. Detachments of the Imperial Guard, which have at last arrived in Bulgaria, have been directed to the east to reinforce the hard-pressed army of the CZAREWITCH; and, unless SULEIMAN PASHA unexpectedly appears in the district of the Lom, MEHEMET ALI will receive no corresponding reinforcements.

The concentration of 110,000 men in front of Plevna has only been rendered possible by the employment of the Roumanian army, which was in the early part of the campaign regarded with contemptuous indifference. Of 40,000 or 50,000 men nominally under the command of Prince CHARLES, the exact proportion of his own troops is not stated. As the Roumanians were stationed on the right of the line, it was correctly inferred that the serious attack was to be made on the centre and on the left. Impartial witnesses describe with equal admiration the valour of the Russian and Turkish soldiers, who are perhaps in fair fighting not unequally matched. The Roumanians have always been considered an unwarlike race, and none

of their troops have experience of active service. Their artillery seems to be not inefficient, and the infantry serve to fill up lines which might otherwise be deficient in numbers. If the Roumanians have the bad fortune to encounter the enemy, it will not be a cause for surprise if some catastrophe occurs. The wanton invasion of an unoffending State fully deserves punishment; but the rank and file of the army, who had no voice in the decision between peace and war, would probably have to atone for the criminal ambition of their Prince. The Proclamation in which conventional excuses are made for the invasion of Bulgaria deserves little criticism because, like many documents of the kind, it is a mere tribute of wrong to justice. The PRINCE crosses the Danube because he has received from the Emperor of RUSSIA a permission which he long solicited in vain. At last he had the good luck to be wanted; and he naturally hopes for some reward for any service which he may render. The Russian generals must have been short of men when they entrusted to their new allies even a secondary share in the operations against Plevna. The enterprise evidently required a large force. The intrenchments, which may probably have been strengthened during a month of comparative leisure, are in the shape of a horseshoe or enormous redoubt, open at the back and with the convex curve facing to the East. When the Russians took Lovatz on the 3rd of September, it was supposed that they intended to surround and isolate Plevna; and it may have been in anticipation of such a danger that OSMAN PASHA marched in the direction of Lovatz with a large part of his army. He was recalled by the great preparations for attacking Plevna on the front. On Friday the 9th, the Russian and Roumanian lines faced the intrenchments on their whole length; and violent attacks on several successive days led to no decisive result. It would have been a safer and apparently more skilful plan to compel OSMAN PASHA to abandon his position by operations on the flank and rear; but perhaps the advance of MEHEMET ALI may have convinced the Russian Staff of the necessity of crushing their principal opponent before the Turkish armies could effect a junction. For some time past military critics have expatiated on the advantageous position of the invaders, who were acting on inner lines with facilities of directing their whole force either to the east or the west. The attack on Plevna seems to be an attempt to imitate the strategy which was often employed by NAPOLEON. According to one account, the Russian cavalry has intercepted the retreat on Plevna of a considerable Turkish detachment which had moved to the aid of Lovatz. It is added that a Russian force, which may perhaps have advanced from Lovatz, is moving rapidly on Sofia, and that a portion of the Roumanian army lies between Plevna and Widdin. OSMAN PASHA must have suffered a heavy blow if his communication with Sofia is intercepted; but, if he is driven out of Plevna, he ought to be able to cut his way through any number of Roumanian troops.

If Plevna is evacuated, and the tide of war rolls in the direction of Sofia, the ostensible hesitation of the Servian Government will be at once abandoned. The Russians have furnished a certain sum of money in aid of preliminary expenses; and, in spite of all deficiencies in credit and resource, the Servians will find means to take the field. It had been thought and said that the era of purely selfish wars was past, and that henceforth nations would fight only to avenge an injury or to assert a right. The ostensible merit of the contrivance of arbitration

was that it was a remedy co-extensive with the evil, for every quarrel must, it was supposed, admit of judicial settlement instead of solution by force. Even when Russia, during the present year, commenced a long-premeditated war against Turkey, pretences of philanthropic sympathy were put forward to disguise the nakedness of ambition. It might have been possible for a tribunal to adjudicate on the grievances of which the Russian Government complained, although they had little or nothing to do with the origin of the war; but not even a Geneva arbitrator could take cognizance of claims which Roumania and Servia have not even condescended to prefer. If these Governments were compelled to assign reasons for their lawless attack on an unoffending neighbour, they could only reply that they hated the Turks on religious and national grounds, and that they willingly took the opportunity of fighting under the protection of a powerful ally. Servia hopes to obtain an accession of territory; and Prince CHARLES, if not his subjects, may find in the kingly title a compensation for waste of treasure and of life. It is perhaps useless to lament that international law has been proved to be a powerless fiction; but the moral guilt of the Servian and Roumanian Governments ought to be kept in mind if at any time the European Powers have a voice in the arrangements which are to follow the war. It is some advantage that chimerical projects of independent Christian Principalities in the valley of the Danube have now been exploded. There is no reason why a Bosnian or Bulgarian State should not, like Roumania and Servia, be an humble instrument of Russian ambition. The tacit permission accorded by Austria to Servia to join in the attack on Turkey is not a little disappointing to the partisans of peace and justice. The influence of the German Government apparently preponderates at Vienna over prudence and patriotic tradition. Prince BISMARCK's reasons for stimulating and aiding Russian projects of aggrandisement are not readily to be understood. The paradoxical theory that he wishes to weaken the Power which he effectually supports deserves no serious attention. The systematic policy of a great statesman cannot be attributed to practical irony. It is not to be supposed that Prince BISMARCK wishes, like the Emperor WILLIAM, to promote the continuance of the war for delicate reasons of friendly regard. It is all but officially announced that the Court of Berlin has placed a pressure on Austria for the purpose of sparing the military susceptibility of Russia. Bloodshed and rapine were to be prolonged until the military sentiment, as it is called, of Russia had been satisfied by the attainment of some brilliant success. Such are some of the motives of the holy and sanguinary enterprise which in a less sophisticated age would have been regarded simply as a war of conquest.

POPE PIUS IX.

WHEN it is probable or possible that important consequences may follow the death of a man of eighty-five, it is not surprising that his reported indisposition should attract general attention. The present POPE, though he must have an unusually vigorous constitution, is not exempt from the infirmities which ordinarily attend his time of life. Three or four times in every year accounts of morbid symptoms alarm his friends and devotees, and perhaps excite hopes, if Papal dignities and prerogatives are still, even to ecclesiastical minds, objects of desire. Seven or eight years ago the death of PIUS IX. was confidently expected by superstitious Roman Catholics, because, according to the legend, the first Pope had reigned for twenty-five years, and none of his successors had attained the same duration of office. When the most restless and innovating of Pontiffs persisted obstinately in living on beyond the appointed term, his vitality seemed to be either a reward for his services to the Church, or a miraculous opportunity for further revolutionary efforts. Irreverent newsmongers have been again and again disappointed by his recovery after illnesses which might have been serious in the case of a younger man. A well-known newspaper Correspondent, who has lately published a book on another subject, was, when he was despatched to Constantinople, already half-way on the road, through the accident of his having come to Rome, not for the first time, to be present at the death of the POPE. As he remarks, with natural irritation, PIUS IX. will probably

outlive him and his middle-aged contemporaries, leaving to a younger generation the task of commenting on the vacancy and the prospects of the Church. Sooner or later the long-delayed demise will furnish a fresh illustration of the saying that nothing is certain to happen except that which is unexpected. PIUS IX., who has a strong sense of humour, has probably often watched with amusement the speculations on an event of which the date may perhaps be indifferent to himself.

A minute examination of the evidence as to the state of the POPE's health would be disagreeable and unseemly. His advisers have acted with good sense if their promise to furnish the Catholic Governments with information of any imminent danger can be trusted. It seems that a physician has been summarily dismissed on the charge or suspicion of having violated professional confidence by communicating to others unfavourable reports of the state of his venerable patient. The gossip of Rome consists for the moment largely of contradictory statements as to the POPE's capacity for business and for ceremony. He seems frequently to receive deputations of pilgrims who are dismissed with commonplace counsels and blessings; and he gives audience, according to custom, to Cardinals who hold special functions. It can scarcely be thought a strange phenomenon that an aged Pope should harmlessly fall asleep while a Cardinal is reading a long Report. The laity and the inferior clergy are, happily for themselves, allowed to grow old and to go to sleep without risk of being exhibited as in a glass case for the gratification of popular curiosity. The attention which is devoted to the symptoms of the POPE's infirmities is not wholly personal. The Vatican is profoundly occupied with the circumstances and prospects of the next election, and with the conditions which may facilitate or defeat a surprise. The POPE himself is not less interested than those who surround him in the immediate consequences of his own death. Few persons at his age are proof against the weakness of desiring to live after death as long as possible by interference with the discretion of the survivors. Reports are frequently current of decrees or briefs by which PIUS IX. designs to regulate the proceedings of the Conclave which will assemble at his death; but any usurpation of posthumous authority will be summarily disregarded, unless it becomes superfluous by coinciding with the policy of the dominant party.

The death of PIUS IX., whenever it occurs, will be the cause, or perhaps rather the symbol, of a decline in the prosperity and power of the Roman Church. It is not yet possible to judge whether his fanatical activity has either retarded or precipitated an inevitable catastrophe. The severe tests which he has applied to the loyalty of the clergy have proved that they no longer possess or value any kind of constitutional independence. The Immaculate Conception dogma, the audacious Syllabus, and the absurd decrees of the Vatican Council were successively swallowed by the hierarchy, in virtual acknowledgment of the POPE's absolute despotism. The laity, as might be expected, were indifferent to propositions which they were not required to sanction or to understand. The analogy between spiritual and temporal monarchy is close and instructive. When the Emperor CHARLES V. suppressed the constitution of Castile, or when in later times NAPOLEON III. suspended Parliamentary government, both potentates aggrandised themselves at the expense of their own subjects; but neither France nor Spain became more powerful by the change. The relations between the POPE and the clergy have been largely modified, but the Roman Catholic Church has done nothing to extend its influence. The severe discipline to which the hierarchy has submitted is one of the innumerable results of the French Revolution. Before 1789, a part of the clergy in every Catholic country belonged to the higher classes, and consequently the whole body remained Frenchmen, or Germans, even when they were Romish ecclesiastics. An ill-paid peasant class has no power of resistance to usurpation, and no hope or interest which is not connected with ecclesiastical supremacy. The diminution and equalization of endowments has denationalized the French clergy; and perhaps the POPE has not discovered that his subordinates are disarmed by the same process which has secured their implicit obedience. His dealings with secular Governments have not been successful. In the course of his long reign he has not only lost his temporal dominions, but he has alienated every Catholic Power, with the doubtful exception of Spain. His pro-

tests against the Italian kingdom become every day less dignified, as time renders them more and more hopeless.

While it is natural that Cardinals and inferior dignitaries should watch with anxiety the probabilities of the future Conclave, the importance of the result may be easily exaggerated. The new Pope may have been either Liberal or anti-Liberal before his election. The imposition of the triple crown will make him or keep him Ultramontane. He will have no power, and probably no inclination, to withdraw the extravagant pretensions of his predecessor. Even against his will and knowledge he must be infallible; and, having no temporal dominions to administer, he must cultivate the religious zeal on which he will depend for his revenue. By some of the associations which surround his predecessor he will no longer be able to profit. The age and the misfortunes of Pius IX. excuse a portion of the adulatory language in which he is habitually addressed. His sycophants have not succeeded in attaching to his name the affix of "Great," but incessant repetition has almost convinced the Roman Catholic world that he is half a saint, and a confessor if not a martyr. A Cardinal elected to the highest office in the Church by the free choice of his former equals can scarcely pretend to take possession of his palace as "prisoner of the Vatican." Those who wish to express devotion to the Holy See or antipathy to the Italian Government have no difficulty in feeling or professing compassion for an august captive, who was once equally at home on either bank of the Tiber. His successor will have lost nothing; and his elevation will not entitle him to pity. His position will nevertheless be highly precarious. It may possibly be prudent on the part of the Italian Government to continue for the present the anomalous exemption of the Papal premises from the national authority; but the arrangement is certainly not destined to be perpetual. The last remnant of temporal sovereignty is destined to disappear, and there is no hope of compensation in the form of spiritual aggrandizement. It is impossible to carry the powers of the POPE over the faithful further than they have been strained by PIUS IX. The next Pope will, so to speak, not have been born in the purple; and it is improbable that he will be able to excite enthusiasm for his person. The Catholics treated with just contempt the blandishments of whimsical Protestant writers who eagerly assured them that the POPE's spiritual power would be advanced by the loss of temporal dignities and endowments. It was difficult to understand why dissidents from the Roman Church should go out of their way to promote its interests. Ecclesiastical Rome has seen its best days, and the courtiers of PIUS IX. have reasons, which are not necessarily selfish, for hoping that, in spite of probability, his reign may yet be prolonged.

MARSHAL MACMAHON AND HIS RIVALS.

IT is hard to believe that the French Government have not by this time come to regret the prosecution of M. GAMBETTA. Even the manner in which it is being conducted points to this conclusion. Those who have the management of the trial are evidently terribly afraid lest the country should hear M. GAMBETTA's defence, and resolutely determined to suppress the publication of it by a free use of all the means that a French Executive can command. The wiser heads in the Ministry must at all events have the sense to see how exceedingly damaging to their reputation this alarm is, and how absolutely impossible it will be to guard against the damage in the way they propose. On the theory on which the dissolution of the Chamber was founded, the oftener M. GAMBETTA speaks and the more widely his speeches are known, the better for the Conservative cause. Every sensible Frenchman will be terrified by his furious radicalism, and will be the more inclined to run to his own Marshal for protection. Nobody in the Cabinet really believes this; but there must be men in the Cabinet who see that it is good policy to pretend to believe it. Even if they had persuaded themselves that for some occult reason the Government could profit by seeming afraid to let M. GAMBETTA speak, they would certainly feel sure that, whenever he does speak, what he says will somehow or other reach the ears for which it is intended. The notion that Frenchmen can really be kept from knowing what concerns them, supposing that they care to know it, argues a very inadequate estimate of the national ingenuity.

These considerations suggest that the wiser members of the Government must view with utter disapproval the prosecution which some of their colleagues have been ill-advised enough to persuade Marshal MACMAHON to institute. It is quite natural under these circumstances that the most foolish features in the prosecution should be those on which most stress is laid by those who have the charge of it. A man who has been warned that he is doing something injudicious, and who half suspects perhaps that his critics are in the right, is likely to exaggerate the injudicious element, partly out of nervousness and partly out of bravado. He dare not draw back for fear of the sneers or reproaches of his colleagues, and consequently he tries to comfort himself with the assurance that if he only goes on boldly enough he may succeed better than any one expects.

There would be some interest in knowing what the authors of M. GAMBETTA's prosecution really think of the demeanour of the spectators at M. THIERS's funeral. The favourite prediction of the reactionary party has been that the Radicals would always be a thorn in the side of the Conservative Republic. Nothing that the Republican leaders could do would induce the Radicals, and especially the Radicals of Paris, to obey orders or to submit to discipline. Probably this prophecy has often been made in perfect good faith, but in so far as this is the case those who have hazarded it must have been greatly disturbed by the spectacle of last Saturday. The crowds through which the funeral procession made its way were evidently obeying orders. The grief of a vast multitude is rarely silent, and there was no special reason why the Parisian working class should feel any very deep grief at the loss of M. THIERS. Either the crowd had thoroughly taken in what the policy of the Government in the matter was and how that policy could best be thwarted, or they had such confidence in the superior knowledge of their leaders as to do what they were bidden to do without asking for reasons. Whichever of these explanations is preferred, the result is an exceedingly serious one for the Government. On the one theory, the most impracticable section of the Republican party has suddenly been endowed with keen political acumen. It has realized, in fact, that it cannot render the Republic a worse service than by doing anything which may furnish a pretext for an appeal to arms. If the Paris mob has come to this point, the chances of an anti-Republican Administration are small indeed. On the other theory, the most ungovernable section of the Republican party has suddenly taken into its head to render prompt and unquestioning obedience to leaders whom it can hardly be said to know, and whom until now it has certainly not trusted. This is not a specially promising prospect for a reactionary Government. The strength of the Republican organization has never been so well manifested as on the occasion of all others when evidence of organization was most wanted. Every condition that could provoke disorder was carefully supplied either by the civil or the ecclesiastical authorities. The ostentatious announcements that the garrison of Paris would be confined to barracks, and that so many rounds of cartridge had been served out, were almost a challenge to the mob to show that they were not inferior to their ancient reputation. The refusal to allow the funeral mass to be said at the Madeleine confined the crowd in narrow streets, where all the motives to irritation that are supplied by long and uncomfortable waiting would be in full activity. The orders given to the police not to allow any one to enter the cemetery until the funeral car had passed in necessarily had the effect of preventing many of those who may have wished to hear the speeches from reaching the grave until long after they had been delivered; but even this caused no show of irritation. From first to last the demeanour of this vast crowd was that of men who see through their adversary's design and feel themselves strong enough to defeat it.

Marshal MACMAHON's visit to Bordeaux has created a belief that his policy is undergoing a distinct, if unconscious, change. It is too soon as yet to form any opinion on the value of the evidence on which this view is based. The Mayor made a decidedly Republican speech, and the MARSHAL's answer has been generally interpreted in the district as indicating an intention of acting within the limits of the Constitution. It must be remembered, however, that the Deputy Mayor of EPERUX was not dismissed for his Republican speech until some ten days afterwards, and we must wait till the

MARSHAL has returned to Paris and reviewed the incidents of his journey with his Ministers before we can feel sure that the Mayor of Bordeaux's language will be allowed to escape censure. It would be quite consonant with the wisdom which has dictated the proceedings against M. GAMBETTA to destroy the momentary popularity which the MARSHAL has gained in the South by some fresh declaration that, when he speaks of his devotion to the Constitution, he means the Constitution as interpreted by himself and administered by his present Cabinet. Still, supposing that the MARSHAL is not misled by advisers who care no more for him than they do for France, it is not unlikely that the death of M. THIERS may affect his policy after the elections. The verdict of the constituencies will necessarily be deprived of the personal character which it would have borne if M. THIERS had lived. Down to the 3rd of September the Republicans were determined, if possible, to drive the MARSHAL to resign. They were not in the least afraid of the effect which would be produced on the electors. They had a candidate in M. THIERS whom they believed to be more popular and more trusted than Marshal MACMAHON, and their chief anxiety was how to bring M. THIERS's candidature before the public before the PRESIDENT's chair was technically vacant. Now there is no one whom they can bring forward with anything like the same assurance of success. M. GRÉVY will be an excellent party leader, and M. GAMBETTA has made immense advances in moderation and self-control; but neither of them are candidates whom a prudent election agent would advise the Republicans to run against the MARSHAL, unless they were forced to push matters to extremities. If there is no longer the same desire on the part of the Opposition to displace the MARSHAL, the struggle at the polling-booths will almost necessarily be directed more against the MARSHAL's Ministers than against himself. If he will consent to govern with decent regard to Parliamentary usage, it will plainly be better for the Republicans that there should be no Presidential election till 1880. The mere fact that the Septennate has run out its allotted time in peace, and that France has lived and prospered under Republican institutions since 1871, will be a strong argument for not making any change. In proportion as the Republican Opposition is directed more against the Cabinet and less against the MARSHAL, the MARSHAL himself may be more tolerant of it. However close may be the relations between a sovereign and his Ministers, he usually feels that a slight to them is very much less heinous than a slight to himself. Marshal MACMAHON will hardly recall M. SIMON, but he may be willing to dismiss the Duke of BROGLIE, and to renew the experiment of a Left Centre Ministry.

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

THE annual Report on Indian Railways by Mr. DANVERS, which has just been published, contains much interesting matter. In India the construction and management of railways furnish a test of English administration. They exhibit the two forms of English administration, that by the State and that by private Companies; and both forms are attended with great and increasing success. The whole length of Indian railways is about seven thousand miles; and although, when the cost of construction is considered, and it is remembered that one hundred and fourteen millions sterling have been expended on making and stocking the existing lines, this may seem much to have done, yet in view of the extent and capabilities of India it is evident that the railway system is only in its infancy. The main lesson of this Report is, not that so many miles of railway have been constructed, but that Indian railways have begun to pay. Why Indian lines now pay is the question which Englishmen interested in India have to ask themselves. And the answer is, because the management on the best lines is admirable and affords an example and stimulus to the rest, because the tariff is very low, because the natives love locomotion, and because India can grow anything for which a new market springs up. The East Indian Railway, more especially, is managed as few lines are managed in the world. It is a model of good administration; and those who have charge of it have solved the difficult problem of directing in the best way from home the affairs of a railway situated in a remote dependency. The time is now close at hand when it will be in the power of the State to buy the main line on the

terms of giving for it the average price of the shares during the last three years before the date of purchase arrives. Probably the average price will be found to be about 125*l.* for every 100*l.* share. At this price the purchase would be very advantageous for the State. It could borrow the money at 4 per cent., so that it would have to pay 5 per cent. on the original outlay. The line will certainly yield 7 per cent. as a minimum. In round figures the State would gain 460,000*l.* a year by the purchase, and it cannot forego such an advantage. In one shape or other the State must be paid for not exercising its right of purchase. It can either ask for a sum in cash down, which the railway might raise by the creation of debenture stock, or it must have an annual income from the railway, whether fixed as a rent charge or varying with the amount of profits. But, provided that the State does not make a bad bargain, it is a matter of very considerable moment that the guaranteed lines should remain in the hands of private Companies. The interest of Englishmen in India is very languid, and it is desirable that their private interests should compel as many Englishmen as possible to study the condition and prospects of the country. Private enterprise aids State management by friendly rivalry and the introduction of other than mere Governmental ideas. It is also very desirable that some small amount of patronage in India should be independent of the Government, and that a few Englishmen should be allowed to earn an honest livelihood in India without having to bow down before the local authorities, and without having passed through the mill of Government training. The Indian Government is a very good Government in many respects, but it is more than human nature will permit that it should altogether escape the faults of a centralized Government with rapid changes of its chief. It is often dictatorial, and sometimes harsh, and, both as a check on it and for their own comfort, it is desirable that there should be English administrators who, though co-operating with it in their own sphere, are not in any way dependent on it for maintenance or promotion.

When, however, the East Indian is taken as the best specimen of a successful Indian railway, it must be remembered that its success is in a great measure to be attributed to the fortunate accident of its being in possession of a coalfield which enables it to carry cargo at one sixth of the cost which its chief rival, the Great Indian Peninsular, has to bear. No doubt it is principally through this cheapness of coal that it is able to work the whole traffic on its main line at 34 per cent. of the gross receipts. But the reassuring feature in the present position of Indian railways generally is that the revenue is on the increase throughout the whole system. The net revenue during the year 1876 was 4,564,823*l.*, compared with 3,647,868*l.* in the previous year. This includes the revenue both from the guaranteed and the State lines, and on the State lines there had been an increase of mileage opened for traffic. But the total net receipts from the State lines were only 113,401*l.*, and therefore the increase of revenue was almost wholly derived from the guaranteed lines. And what is especially encouraging is that the advance has not been only on the main lines of the Companies. Branches have been made which pay handsomely on their cost. Two branches of the Bombay and Baroda railway earned one 5*l.* 14 and the other 6*l.* 23 per annum on their cost; and the Company has succeeded in showing that, under favourable circumstances, railways can be made very cheaply in India. A branch to Pali, thirteen miles in length, of the 5 feet 6 inch gauge, has been built for 4,000*l.* a mile. This, however, must be treated as an exceptional case, since it is impossible to construct railways very cheaply in India when they have to cross rivers. It is the recurring floods in India that make railways necessarily expensive and interrupt traffic; and the State, which takes every precaution to enforce economy, cannot reduce the cost of construction to a very low level. The Rajpootana is the most important line which has been made on the narrow or metre gauge. It is 400 miles long, and cost upwards of 6,000*l.* a mile. This is certainly not very cheap; but the results of the construction of this line show that the State may hope to recoup its outlay on lines which are well chosen and economically made. Twenty miles more were opened in 1876 than in 1875, and some increase in traffic might therefore be expected. But the actual advance was from 63,000*l.* of net receipts to 84,000*l.*, or

33 per cent.; and the increase was equally perceptible in the returns from passengers and goods. The working expenses were 63 per cent., which, though not high for a new line passing through a district the resources of which are only very partially developed, is considerably above the average of the whole Indian system. With an increasing traffic the expenses will decrease, and, as the Rajpootana line already pays nearly 4 per cent. on its cost, it will soon bring in a clear profit to the State which will, in one shape or another, be applicable to the construction of further lines.

It is quite true that the Rajpootana cannot be taken as an index of the general yield of the State lines. On three lines the State incurs positive loss, and the working expenses exceed the receipts. But the whole capital invested in the State lines does not exceed fifteen millions, and the money value of the purchasing power of the State over the East Indian Railway alone is sufficient to counterbalance any loss which this outlay may have involved. Before long not only will the State have nothing to pay on the general balance of the guaranteed interest, but it will be recouped by the guaranteed lines, through its power of purchase, for its losses on the lines which it has made itself either for military purposes or to open up districts not as yet rich enough to repay the outlay on railway communication. It is not therefore wonderful that Sir JOHN STRACHEY should have recently declared that the railways were the most hopeful element in Indian finance. It is not only that the railways have begun to pay, but that they have begun to pay because the general production of India has increased. The secret of Indian railway success is that very low freights have been found to stimulate the energies of the natives. Passengers are, on some lines, carried for less than a farthing a mile, and rates as low as a halfpenny a ton per mile have been charged with good effect for the carriage of grain, seeds, coal, and other staple products. A granary for England has been found in the valleys of the Ganges, Jumna, and Indus, notwithstanding their distance from any seaport. A rapidly increasing production of grain and seeds has sprung up in the provinces watered by those rivers, and the quantity of grain and seed carried on the Indian railways has quadrupled in five years. As Mr. DANVERS says in the concluding words of his Report, India supplied England with jute when the supply of hemp from Russia was stopped by the Crimean war, and she has continued to send us jute ever since. The same may now happen with respect to wheat and barley. Other products will also appear in the market. A country with a soil and climate capable of producing corn, tea, and tobacco, as well as coffee, opium, sugar, indigo, and cotton, must possess powers which, with the assistance of regular and cheap transport, will be ready to meet any demand that may be made upon it. It is true that such calamities as the present famine are not only appalling in themselves, but must seriously affect the financial position of India. But the present famine, awful and costly as may be its consequences, is an exception to a state of growing prosperity, and, whatever may be the burden it may entail, that burden will be supported by a country which, owing to good government and the introduction of railways, is getting richer every day.

AMERICA.

THE railway riots in various parts of the United States have been naturally followed by a political agitation for the attainment of the same objects. There is probably some foundation for the commonplace which affirms the tendency of democratic institutions to discourage illegal violence. Malcontents of all kinds, if they retain any trace of conscience or common sense, would rather alter the laws in their own interest than break them. Legalized injustice is more effective and more secure than the triumphs of irregular violence. The railway disturbances afforded a new illustration of the soundness and strength of American society. The Federal authorities, and most of the State Governments, used force without hesitation for the suppression of disorder. By a convenient fiction it is always assumed in the United States that insurgents and other disturbers of the public peace are aliens who have not yet assimilated the spirit of American institutions. Native citizens feel no responsibility for the misdeeds of European immigrants, and, if it becomes necessary to shoot them, the process is less painful than if it were applied to born

Americans. The general diffusion of prosperity has for the most part served as a safeguard against the communistic doctrines which are imported by German or Bohemian workmen. The conflagration or destruction of valuable rolling stock at Pittsburg could evidently not enrich either the community at large or any of its members, and the violent interruption of traffic must have caused great inconvenience. The PRESIDENT, the commanders of the Federal troops, and the Governors of States were assured beforehand of public support and approval in suppressing the insurrection at any cost of life which might be necessary. The Government of Pennsylvania had shortly before found it advisable to hang a dozen miners who had committed similar outrages in furtherance of a strike of their own. A Government which derives its authority from a majority of the whole population can afford not to be unduly squeamish. It may be hoped that the railway riots, having done no good to their promoters, will not soon be repeated.

The later phases of the controversy are less satisfactory. In the early stages of the railway disturbance it was found that the militia and the poorer classes in general either sympathized with the rioters or were afraid to oppose them. It consequently occurred to speculative politicians that an adroit use of the prejudices of the working classes might help them to the attainment of influence and power. An agitation for the direct representation of labour has already attained considerable dimensions; and the Republican nominee for the office of Governor of Ohio has thought it expedient to support the movement. It is strange that a claim which has of late years been often preferred in England should not have been professedly recognized in the United States. An American politician of large experience not long since remarked that "we always flatter the working men, but nobody ever heard of a working man getting a place." In this, as in other instances, corruption and jobbery tend to mitigate some of the baneful tendencies of democracy. There is no reason to suppose that an admixture of artisans would deteriorate the character of Congress; but direct representation is designed, not as an end, but as an instrument of economic anomalies. The Working Men's Convention of Ohio has propounded a wordy document which might have been framed by the Paris Communists or the Ghent Congress. To some plausible and even rational demands are added proposals for "the repeal of all laws or charters giving special privileges to individuals or companies to the detriment of labour." "For the purpose of abolishing the wages system, all industrial enterprises are to be placed under the control of the Government as fast as practicable, and operated by free co-operative unions for the good of the whole people." Proposals of this kind may probably have been suggested by communists from the Continent of Europe, where the solitary article of popular faith is a belief in the omniscience and omnipotence of some ideal Government of the future. Even if Congress were to pass a law in the words of the programme, Americans would never dream of allowing the Government to assume the control of manufactures and industrial enterprises. Neither the "authoritarian" nor the "collective" type of industrial organization has attractions for the American any more than for the English mind. It is disgraceful to the political managers of the agitation that they should, in the hope of attaining office, adopt and propagate mischievous delusions which they probably despise; but the vote of a naturalized Bohemian counts for as much as that of a native American; and perhaps indigenous workmen, though they would never in practice surrender their independence, may be attracted by high-sounding phrases which purport to advocate their interests. It is thought possible that the agitation, which is a kind of aftertaste or echo of the railway riots, may affect the autumn election in Ohio.

Mr. SHERMAN, Secretary of the Treasury, in a late speech at Mansfield in Ohio, indicated a disposition to court the favour of the new organization. He expressed a hope that Congress would pass laws for the establishment of maximum rates of freight, which are probably prescribed by the special Acts under which the Companies are established. It would not have been prudent to avow such opinions before the railway system of America had been to a great extent completed. Money, and especially foreign money, would have been less easily procured if it had been understood that State charters were subject to revision to the detriment of proprietors and bondholders. Capitalists confer

an enormous benefit on districts by providing them with railways on consideration of receiving certain rates for freight and passage. A general law to limit profits at the discretion of Congress, or in England of a Railway Commission, is a distinct breach of faith; but the oddest grievance of which Mr. SHERMAN complains is not that the rates are too high, but that they are too low. He asserts that on four principal systems, constituting two-thirds of the whole railway mileage of the United States, the average amount received for freight and passengers does not pay the cost of running the lines. If the statement is well founded, English shareholders will understand the reasons which make their investments unprofitable. But Mr. SHERMAN knew his business as a political speaker too well to express sympathy for plundered capitalists. His professed objection to low fares was that the Companies were unable to pay sufficient wages to their men. Between the Grangers, who insist on arbitrary reduction of rates for the benefit of freighters, and the champions of drivers and stokers, American railway proprietors are not in an enviable position. If they received high dividends instead of barely meeting their working expenses, there would be no reason why they should pay their men higher wages, if they could obtain a supply of labour at the actual rate. The only consolation of the shareholders is that the railway chairmen and other high officials contrive in some unexplained way to amass large fortunes.

On another point, which has caused much anxiety and discontent among Republicans, Mr. SHERMAN gave assurances which were probably accepted as satisfactory. The PRESIDENT, in his celebrated Circular, had distinctly prohibited the members of the Civil Service from taking any part in the management of elections, though they were of course entitled to record their votes. His decree struck at the influence, and even the means of livelihood, of many of his most active supporters. In default of percentages levied on salaries it would be difficult to meet the expenses of primary assemblies, of conventions, and of the rest of the electoral machinery. It seemed anomalous that place-holders who had almost without exception earned their appointments by activity in elections should not continue the services for which they had been paid in advance. The efficiency of the public service, which was the main object of the PRESIDENT, in no way concerned or interested the political managers. Mr. SHERMAN, perhaps without the authority of his chief, has removed the alarm which was caused by the proposal of a practical reform. He announced that office-holders may with impunity take part in elections, provided their employment does not interfere with the discharge of their official duties. As they will themselves be the judges of the compatibility of their different functions, the practices which had prevailed from the time of JACKSON to the Presidency of General GRANT are formally sanctioned and revived. It can scarcely have been the custom to avow that functionaries meddled with elections in such a manner as to interfere with their official duties. It remains to be seen whether the PRESIDENT will acquiesce in the virtual revocation of his Circular. In practice he could scarcely effect his object without the cordial co-operation of his Ministers. The numerous placeholders who depend on the Treasury have now received notice that they are both permitted and expected to devote themselves to the service of the party. Mr. SCHURZ, who, like the PRESIDENT, is sincere in his desire for the improvement of the Civil Service, will find it difficult to make his subordinates understand that they hold office by a different tenure.

MR. BRIGHT AT MANCHESTER.

FOR some years past Manchester has been building a very magnificent Town Hall. It takes a column of the *Times* to enumerate the architectural beauties and municipal conveniences which have thus been bestowed upon the city. When Manchester had done so much honour to itself, it thought, not unnaturally, that the QUEEN might be persuaded to bestow upon the faithful citizens the exceptional glory of a royal visit. The season of the year, and the QUEEN's apparent dislike to being anywhere else when she can be in Scotland, seem quite enough to account for the refusal which the PRIME MINISTER was directed to return to this invitation. Manchester, however, is too great a city to believe that its Sovereign can

decline to visit it for so simple a reason as that she had rather not. "The disappointment," says the account in the *Times*, "gave rise to rumours that some personal opposition to the MAYOR had been at work." Worse than this, "it was openly stated that some of his own townsmen had been actively using influence against the success of the invitation." Whether Manchester can hold a soul so base as thus to plot against its chief magistrate in the hour of municipal triumph is more than we can say. But it is exceedingly improbable that the QUEEN would have listened to any personal gossip of the kind which is alleged to have been conveyed to her, or would have seen in the Mayor of MANCHESTER anything else than the representative of the second city in England. Defeated in their desire to have the hall opened by the QUEEN, the Corporation wisely determined not to look beyond their own body. The MAYOR himself handled the golden key and took the chief place at the dinner that followed. The only trace of the soreness left by the QUEEN's refusal is to be seen in the Bishop of MANCHESTER's speech. At first, when he is found saying that at some future day the QUEEN may "regret the day" when she stayed away from Manchester, the reader is alarmed at the dark prospect which the BISHOP seems to foreshadow for the British Monarchy. The next sentence, however, makes the BISHOP's meaning at once clearer and less startling. He assures HER MAJESTY that if she comes to Manchester to-morrow she will find in the welcome of the citizens no trace of the disappointment she has caused them. It is plain from this that the regret which the BISHOP predicts that the QUEEN will one day feel is simply the regret of a generous heart left mourning by the unexpected gratitude of men. The most devoted subject cannot object to his Sovereign being the victim of this amount of sorrow.

There was an obvious propriety in making Mr. BRIGHT the principal guest of the evening. Manchester and he have parted company for twenty years, but it will always be one of the city's chief distinctions that the first orator of his time represented her citizens in Parliament, and was associated with her in the movement which set England free from a mischievous fiscal system. It is singular that on none of the many similar occasions on which Mr. BRIGHT has been called on to speak has he had to return thanks for the House of Commons, and he is evidently of opinion that the present House of Commons is not a body to be greatly thankful for. It has lost, he thinks, all the vigour that it possessed some nine years ago, and is afflicted with a languor that is almost distressing. Mr. BRIGHT's remedy is change of air. Nothing will do the House of Commons any real good except being sent back to the country. Perhaps if the experiment were tried, Mr. BRIGHT would find that the distressing languor he complains of had been communicated to the electors. Unfortunately the loss of appetite for what are variously called heroic or sensational measures has not been accompanied by any revival of taste for less ambitious legislation. The country no longer desires to disestablish a Church in one Session and to remodel a land system in another, but it is not at all more disposed to take up the less attractive, though not necessarily less important, subjects which were put aside to make way for these grander exploits. It seems useless to expect that such unexciting matters as law reform or public health will ever be forced upon a Government by Parliament. It is not the languor of the House of Commons that is the cause why no great work has been done during the present Parliament. The explanation is to be looked for in the languor that characterizes the Government. Under their management useful measures do not even come to the birth; and this is the less to be regretted because, if they did, there would certainly not be strength to bring them forth. Few Ministries have done less to realize their own programme of really useful legislation. With a majority docile and confiding beyond most, with a country destitute of any specific desires as regards public business, and willing to take with gratitude anything that the Government chose to give it, the statute-book since their accession to power has remained singularly empty of important measures. In exciting times the country knows exactly what it wants, and consequently it is sure of getting it from the Government. In times like these the country does not know what it wants, and consequently it is essential that the Government should be at the pains to supply the knowledge.

The difference between the Mr. BRIGHT of to-day and the

Mr. BRIGHT of some years since was very well shown in his reference to a "combination whose object is not only to diminish the time of labour and the products of "labour, but to increase the remuneration for labour." It was hardly necessary perhaps, in addressing an audience of employers, to warn them that every half-hour by which they diminish the time of labour, and every farthing by which they raise the payment of labour which is not raised by economic and proper causes, they are aiding to increase the difficulties under which England struggles in sending the products of her industry to foreign countries. This should rather have been reserved for an audience of working-men. But it is significant that Mr. BRIGHT, on an occasion which may be regarded as a kind of typical celebration of Lancashire industry, should have thought it necessary to utter such a warning. Mr. BRIGHT is not usually an alarmist, but his views of the prospects of British trade are decidedly gloomy. The larger the amount of capital that is sunk in machinery the more important it becomes that this machinery should be made to run as long, and to do as much work, as possible. That something in the nature of relays is the natural remedy for the present difficulty is plain; and it would have been useful if Mr. BRIGHT had taken the opportunity of showing how such a plan might be worked without any serious interference with the comfort or reasonable leisure of the workman.

Mr. BRIGHT may be wrong in drawing so sharp a contrast between the policy which made railways in India and the policy which would have preferred to make canals. It is held by some authorities that the absence of railways in Southern India is the main reason why the famine there is so much harder to deal with than the famine in Bengal. The difficulties in the way of exacting payment for water supplied for irrigation are very great, and there is not a complete agreement even on the point whether, if irrigation had been more generally introduced, it would have proved a specific against drought. We have no difficulty, however, in going thus far with Mr. BRIGHT. Famines have now taken their place as one of the regular phenomena with which Indian administration has to deal, and it is absurd to go on treating them as though they were merely calamities to be relieved, not calamities to be prevented. The whole question of Indian public works needs to be reviewed. We want to know what the works are—if there be any—which would make the recurrence of famine impossible, what the cost of these works may be expected to be, and what portion of this cost India itself can be made to bear. The necessary information on these three points may possibly be locked up in the India Office, but it has certainly not been given to the public. In the presence of a famine of such tremendous magnitude as that under which Southern India is now suffering, it ought not to be withheld if it exists, and there ought to be no delay in collecting it if it does not exist.

THE SPANISH TARIFF.

A TRANSLATION of the Spanish Tariff has been issued from the Foreign Office, with an explanatory report by Sir JOHN WALSHAM. It was already known that discriminating duties were imposed to the detriment of English trade; but the exact mode of operation is for the first time fully explained by the *Chargé d'Affaires*. It seems to be the practice in Spain for the Executive Government to be allowed a large discretion by the Legislature in the imposition of duties. The late changes are effected by Royal Decree in the exercise of powers which had previously been granted by the Cortes. The Minister of Finance had obtained authority to revise the classification of articles of commerce, or, in other words, to increase or reduce the duties, on the ostensible ground of changes which might have taken place in their value. The Cortes probably feel confidence that the Government will never use any discretion which it may acquire except to the detriment of commerce; for they empower the Minister to impose a special surcharge on "the produce, vessels, and exports of countries that in any way harm our produce and commerce." To foreigners it seems useless to enact an elaborate tariff and afterwards to allow the Government to raise the duties on any articles which may be inconveniently good or cheap; but it is fair to admit that the Government has not up to the present time put in force the arbitrary power which it possesses. The

controversy with England arises out of another clause in the same enactment. The Government is empowered "not to apply the reduction in the duties which may result from the revision of the tariff to the produce and exports of any other countries than those which concede to Spain "most-favoured-nation treatment." It appears from Sir JOHN WALSHAM'S statement that all foreign countries are equally subject to every increase which is made in the duties. The English grievance applies only to the partial and capricious application of reductions which are granted to Germany, Austria, and several other countries which have commercial treaties with Spain containing a most-favoured-nation clause. The same treatment is applied to France and the United States, from which, as from England, the Spanish Government wishes to extort certain commercial concessions.

The pretext for a measure which is designed for the purpose of placing impediments in the way of English commerce is transparently absurd. If England is not bound by treaty to concede to Spain the treatment of the most favoured nation, it is notorious that Spanish produce is in fact admitted on payment of the same duties which are imposed on similar articles from any other country. Discriminating duties have long been abolished, for the benefit, not of foreign traders, but of domestic consumers. Germany may have bound itself not to tax Spanish goods more highly than goods from France or Italy. England taxes goods from every quarter alike, if they are taxed at all. The corresponding disadvantages which are imposed on French and American trade may possibly have a better justification or excuse; for the tariffs of both countries are complicated with protective provisions. The injustice to England is much more obvious than the means of obtaining redress; but it will be generally thought that, as long as the differential tariff is maintained, there is no need to make political or commercial concessions of any kind to a State which all but avowedly inflicts on England a deliberate wrong. The very words of the law to which the Spanish Government appeals fail to support the official interpretation. The power to withhold reductions is confined to the produce or exports of countries which fail, not to promise to concede, but actually to concede most-favoured-nation treatment. No nation is favoured by English commercial legislation more highly than another. It is idle to complain that a promise to pay has not been given where payment has in fact been made. There is no doubt that the Spanish Government fully understands the invalidity of its own contention; but, having a definite object to gain, it affects to treat as a differential duty the unequal taxation of two different articles.

The law, and the interpretation of the law, really point to Mr. GLADSTONE'S alcoholic scale of wine duties. The pretence that France is favoured to the detriment of Spain in the form of a differential duty, because claret pays a lower duty than sherry, is wholly untenable; but it is nevertheless possible that Spain may have reason to complain of the distinction if it is not necessary for the protection of the revenue. If raw materials of manufacture were subject to duty in England, Russia might perhaps remonstrate against the admission of jute on less favourable terms than hemp. The proceedings of Spain are objectionable as attempts to extort by the imposition of a penalty a concession which, if it is just, will certainly be sooner or later voluntarily conceded. No English statesman wishes either to injure Spain or to grant exceptional privileges to any other foreign country. The alcoholic scale of duties has been maintained since 1860 principally in deference to the authority of Mr. GLADSTONE, whose definite opinions on commercial legislation are not to be lightly treated. An *ad valorem* duty on wines, though it might be theoretically defensible, would be in practice inconvenient and unmanageable. The actual scale of duties was established, not on the assumption that port and sherry are dearer than claret, but because Spanish and Portuguese wines are fortified with an admixture of spirit which, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S judgment, might compete with other combinations of alcohol. English Consuls in Spain and Portugal have often explained in their official Reports that there is no reason to fear an excessive adulteration of Peninsular wines by spirits, for the simple reason that brandy costs more than wine. It cannot be denied that the alcohol in sherry bears the same chemical character with the unmixt spirit which is charged with a heavy duty; but it may be doubted whether brandied sherry

practically competes as an article of consumption with gin, whisky, or brandy. Although it might probably be easy to extract the alcohol, the wine would be spoilt in the process; and, if the operation were otherwise feasible, the prevention of irregular practices would not tax too severely the vigilance of the officers of the Inland Revenue. Mr. GLADSTONE always felt a natural and pardonable prejudice in favour of exact fiscal symmetry. His sense of the fitness of things was offended by an ostensible anomaly, as when, misled by a superficial analogy, he proposed to make Clubs pay duty in their supposed character of licensed victuallers. On that occasion he discovered, before it was too late, that the change in the mode of taxation would involve a loss to the revenue, which he had hoped to augment by a few hundred pounds. It is possible that his alcoholic scale may not produce advantages equivalent to the commercial and diplomatic complication which it has produced.

While the first condition of successful negotiation is the possession of power to injure the other party, or to withhold from him a benefit, threats and actual injuries are awkward preliminaries to a bargain. It is not to be expected that the English Government, not having been previously convinced of the unsoundness of the alcoholic scale, will at once alter the course of legislation because a rude and offensive measure of taxation has been adopted by Spain. It would at least have been prudent to hold differential duties in reserve, until it was certain that Mr. GLADSTONE'S rule would be permanently maintained. As the Spanish Government has chosen to assume an unfriendly attitude, it is perhaps not unlucky that there is still time to suspend a gratuitous concession which has been accidentally delayed. It has indeed been contended that, if the proposed interference with the contraband trade of Gibraltar is just, it ought to be undertaken without regard to any extraneous question; but the neutrality which is, as a general rule, maintained in reference to foreign Governments and foreign smugglers need not become benevolent, especially when there are reasons to the contrary. It may be safely asserted that no other European Government would so far exceed its obligations as to aid, against the interests of its own subjects, the perverse revenue regulations of Spain. The proposed ordinance has already caused universal dissatisfaction at Gibraltar, and it is expected to produce great irritation among the inhabitants of the neighbouring Spanish coasts. The political reasons in its favour may perhaps preponderate over serious objections; but a voluntary boon is not to be placed on the same footing with the discharge of a duty. The Spanish Government may perhaps find, when the question is once more raised, that Lord CARNARVON'S zeal has abated, or that unexpected impediments have arisen. A man must pay a lawful debt to a neighbour who may have made himself disagreeable, but he is not bound to ask him to dinner. If the Spanish Government wishes for restrictions on the export of tobacco from Gibraltar, it will do well to reconsider the new differential duties.

FLOODS IN LONDON.

FOR one or two days this week large numbers of the inhabitants of London have been in conflict with one of the primary forces of nature, and in less than a fortnight the struggle will have to be renewed under possibly less favourable conditions. This week the wind has behaved unusually well; when it might have blown from the East it blew from the West, and when it did blow from the West it blew neither so hard nor so long as it was expected to blow. In consequence of this the tides in the Thames have not risen to their highest point; and, though a good deal of water flowed over into the low-lying districts, the damage done was not very great. If the equinoctial gales come at the regular time, it is hardly to be hoped that the dwellers in Lambeth or Southwark will be equally lucky in the high tides which are due about the 23rd of this month; and, even if they escape then, they are pretty sure to be caught in the winter. If the disaster were one that could not be either foreseen or guarded against, there would be no use in calling attention to it. People who choose the banks of tidal rivers for a dwelling-place must expect to have to reckon with high tides. But these periodical floods occur at perfectly ascertained intervals, and could be prevented, so far as any injurious

consequences to health and property are concerned, by a very moderate outlay. They are not, like the floods in some inland rivers, the result of exceptionally wet seasons. On certain known days in every year the tide in the Thames rises to a height which, if the wind is in a particular quarter, ensures the flooding of the districts which lie along the southern shore of the river. Considering what a riverside district in the middle of London is, what manner of people they are that live in it, what sort of houses they live in, how closely they are packed, and how small are their means of recouping themselves for any accidental losses, no argument is needed to show how much suffering these floods cause. Why, then, are not the required means taken to guard against them? Simply because the body which comes nearest to the idea of a municipality for the whole of London refuses to bear the cost. All that is absolutely necessary to be done might easily have been done before winter, and probably even earlier; and the cost, on the admission of the Metropolitan Board of Works, would have been so small as hardly to constitute a perceptible addition to the rates. The ground of the Board's inaction is its contention that it is not justly liable for the expense of works which ought properly to be done by the Vestries of the several parishes. It is unfortunate for the soundness of this plea that it should have failed to commend itself to the Select Committee of the House of Commons to which the Thames Floods Prevention Bill was referred. A Parliamentary Committee is a reasonably impartial judge as between one metropolitan authority and another; and it would have been only a reasonable concession to an opinion which will almost certainly be confirmed by the House of Commons, if the Board of Works had consented to modify the Bill and to take the cost upon itself. It is no slight matter deliberately to condemn the riverside parishes of South London to a repetition of the miseries which the floods of last winter entailed on them; but it is this responsibility and nothing less that the Metropolitan Board has chosen to assume.

Probably the explanation of its determination lies in the fact that, when the question was first under discussion, the liability was laid on the shoulders of the Metropolitan Board, not as the virtual governors of London, but as the builders of the Thames Embankment. It was so easy to argue that, if the Embankment was the cause of the floods, those who made the Embankment ought to bear the cost of keeping out the floods, that it was only natural that this plea should be made the most of. The Metropolitan Board believed that they could show that the floods were not due to the Embankment, and they did not stop to consider whether to show this would be a sufficient ground of exemption. It is now pretty generally admitted that the floods would have been pretty nearly as high and pretty nearly as frequent even if there had been no Embankment; and it follows from this that, in their character of builders of the Embankment, the Metropolitan Board cannot fairly be saddled with the cost of works between which and the Embankment there is really no connexion. But the Metropolitan Board are not in the position of mere private builders. If they were, it would be sufficient, no doubt, to show that their building had not done the mischief it was alleged to have done, and that therefore no claim for compensation could possibly lie against them. The case is different when the builders of the Embankment are also the acting municipality of London. Any claim that may be successfully set up against them in this latter capacity is not in the least weakened by the fact that this same claim has been mistakenly urged against them in the former capacity. The real point for consideration is upon whom—all reference to the Embankment being laid aside—the cost of protecting London against Thames floods naturally falls. Stated in this way, there can be little hesitation as to the answer. If there is any outlay which can fairly be charged on the whole city, it is surely that which goes to keep the Thames within due bounds. This is at least as much a matter of metropolitan concern as the opening of new streets or new gardens. If it is objected that the whole of London will not profit by the immunity against floods which it is desired to give to certain parishes, the answer is that few public works are equally useful to all those who have to pay for them. After all, what interest has Islington in the Thames Embankment? If the excuse on which the Metropolitan Board are disposed to ride off is to be allowed, it will be difficult to get any further improvements effected in London.

Under the peculiar circumstances of last Session it

would be unreasonable to blame the Government very severely for not taking any additional work upon themselves. But for this they would certainly have laid themselves open to censure by not assuming the charge of the Thames Floods Prevention Bill when its authors decided not to proceed with it. The abandonment of a measure so indispensable to the health and comfort of many of those with whose well-being they are charged was a distinct dereliction of duty on the part of the Metropolitan Board. When it was known that the Board were ready to allow the riverside parishes of South London to be washed out of their houses two or three times in the course of a winter rather than be at the expense of erecting the necessary barriers against an overflow, it was for the Government to give effect to the decision of the Select Committee. An application for a *mandamus* against a municipality to compel it to undertake works which it may be very greatly to the benefit of the inhabitants that some one should undertake would astonish the Court of Queen's Bench; and, if the Law Courts cannot give any aid, there is nobody but Parliament from whom it can be looked for. But aid from Parliament is more and more, at least in the first instance, aid from the Government; and this is especially true when the resistance of a body so powerful as the Metropolitan Board of Works has to be overcome. It is only by a very unusual combination of circumstances that a private member could hope to carry through the House of Commons a Bill compelling the Metropolitan Board to execute a public work against their will. Even when he had got it through, there would still remain the House of Lords, and the support which he had been able to command in the Commons might entirely fail him there. It is only therefore on the plea of the want of time that the Government can excuse themselves for taking no precautions against Thames floods before the winter. It may be hoped that this excuse will not hold good for another Session, and in that case Mr. Cross ought to ascertain what the Metropolitan Board intend to do about the Bill, and, if it appears that they are not proposing to go on with it, to make it a Government measure. No part of it is disputed, we believe, except the clause which leaves the Metropolitan Board to find the money; and, if the Government are of opinion that this is a just arrangement, it is not likely that the House of Commons will offer any objection. If the sufferings of the coming winter cannot now be prevented, the Government can at least insure that they shall have no successors.

INTERESTING PEOPLE.

WHENEVER we see the term "interesting" applied to a character it excites an especial curiosity. Perhaps there are few epithets so flattering; but when we attempt to define it we find it impossible to treat the subject apart from oneself, to make it other than a personal question; we cannot say what is interesting in the abstract apart from what is interesting to us. Of course, indeed, it is this alliance between the interesting and the interested that gives the epithet its meaning and constitutes the charm. We can define a sensible, an amiable, a generous person without our individuality being concerned; but if we set about a definition of the interesting, assuming the same conditions, we are pulled up at once by the consciousness of the standard being different according as we treat the question in the general or from our own particular point of view. If we would say what sort of persons are interesting to the world at large we assume a cynical spirit; the abstract interesting person is another creature altogether from the man who has the honour to interest us. We invest him with touches of the sentimental, the lackadaisical, the Byronic, the affected, the sham and illusory, to fit him as the ideal of the common run of undiscerning, easily deceived men and women; but, if we are interested, it must needs be by some choice special grace of nature which it implies some fellow-feeling on our part to detect and bring into prominence. Our highest sympathies may, however, be awakened long before we know why; and the question what it is in some men that separates them by this marked distinction from their fellows may cost one some expense of thought while the interest excited is at its strongest.

We have said that personal considerations come in first in dealing with this question. People may indeed think a man interesting without any prospect of personal experience of his qualities; but, when driven to justify their preference, they will find it to rest on a belief of mutual affinity; the interesting person is supposed to have an exceptional share of sympathy, not for the world at large probably, but for those worthy of his sympathy. He must be capable of strong human likings and—as inseparable from strong likings—strong dislikes. The interesting person that pleases us is a marked character, but differs from the character

often so described by being not easy to read. If there is any one point essential to the interesting person, it is a touch of mystery. Nobody is really interesting who does not stimulate curiosity, whom we think we know all round, who leaves no room for guessing. There must be something supposed to exist that is not altogether of a piece with appearances. Nobody is interesting who can be interpreted by general laws, who needs no tenderness of insight, who awakens no speculation. The difference between those who excite strong personal feeling—we are not speaking now of close personal relations—and those who are generally esteemed for their important or great qualities lies in some such point as this. The latter do not excite the imagination; they do not appeal to that faculty whose exercise gives the greatest pleasure and sense of intellectual power to its possessor.

We may respect and admire a man without being drawn towards him; we are drawn towards the man of interesting qualities by the suspicion of some latent attraction over and above his open and definable worth and value, which attraction our penetration is to discover; for of course the more the subject of our inquiry and observation gives us to do—the more he exercises our acuteness—the larger space he fills in our minds. Nor does the interesting character maintain its attraction if it becomes, as it were, independent of our indulgence. We must have our points of superiority; our award must go for something. The topmost point of success has its advantages, but, as a station to pose upon, it does not specially interest. We shall find in all fiction that success detracts from this quality. The interesting characters are those to whom the reader is kinder than their surroundings. As a hero, who so interesting as Hamlet? not only because from beginning to end he is a mystery, but because the reader is for ever excusing, explaining, making discoveries. In the absence of this particular quality, Walter Scott, great as he is, does not present many examples of the "interesting person"; the Master of Ravenswood is the almost too obvious, and as such commonplace, exception. Most beautiful touches of romantic interest there are in his personages, but not, we should say, in his leading characters. Not, of course, that we are not interested, but that our praise expresses itself in other epithets. Wherever principles and temperament are in strong antagonism, there the novelist at least aims at the quality we are speaking of, appointing the reader arbiter in the conflict. It is this that gives misfortune its value in fiction, especially the misfortune of being misunderstood and undervalued. The reader is brought into a particular and close relation with the sufferer, and sees further than his blind companions of the story.

In pronouncing a person to be interesting, we are claiming more comprehension of, and insight into, his character than in attributing to him positive qualities. In fact, there is an assumption, a certain claim of equality, in conferring the title. To be a fit subject for it, a man must have more in him than he shows to everybody; we detect, or at least suspect, some striking or amiable contradiction to the outside tone and bearing. Persons of weak or excitable minds are constantly finding people interesting through mere mistake and blundering. We would, therefore, take no one's judgment on this point whom we consider to be himself wholly without this delicate quality. The one purpose and aim of affectation is to excite interest, and undiscerning people who cannot distinguish between real and sham respond to the appeal; but if there is one thing more than another essential to the genuine gift, it is truth and nature. Many natural people are not interesting, but no one who is not natural can be interesting to sensible people. Not, of course, that there may not be a side of concealment or display, for interest attaches to complex characters; but it is only where we see nature assert itself that we are interested. Every contradiction between the manner and bearing of the man, the character borne before the world, and his inner life, excites an interest, and where this contradiction is revealed in an unexpected devotion to the simpler duties and affections, the person who shows it is eminently interesting. Biography reveals these contrasts. Poor Charles Lamb, so airy and witty in speech, known to the world even as a boon companion, with his hidden grief and his lifelong sacrifice which few would have undertaken and fewer still could have endured to the end, is an example; and Cowper, in the strange contrast between his humour and his gloom, between his domestic winning gentleness of character and the harsh severity of his graver verse, was pre-eminently interesting to all with whom he was brought in contact. There is another contrast which is equally interesting, especially to minds with a strong bent of their own, and ever in search of illustrations on views and points on which their own faculties are exercised. We do not suppose, for example, that Lord Wellesley was abstractedly a case specially to our purpose; but Macaulay writes of him, "I am particularly curious, and always was, to know him. He has made a splendid figure in history, and his weaknesses, though they make his character less worthy of respect, make it more interesting as a study." Going on to give a description of the person of that distinguished man, he says, "Such a blooming old swain I never saw; hair combed with exquisite nicety, a waistcoat of driven snow, and a star and garter put on with care and skill." Perhaps, though this does not answer to any ideal of the interesting, there is something to our point in the notion of a mind occupied with statesmanship linked to a person in the disguise of a *petit maître*. But, if weaknesses even of the smaller kind may add to interest, they must be clear of moral taint. The "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," if his greatness and

wisdom did not make him interesting, would not be rendered so by his meanness, except as a psychological study.

The biography of Macaulay himself shows him to the outside world in an interesting light, with all the elements of the unexpected. While he shone before the world in one character, he had an inner life which no stranger could have attributed to him, and this inner life was, as it seems, the more intense and engrossing of the two. To ill-natured people, even to persons with nothing but his public aspect and circumstances to go by, his brilliancy, versatility, and domineering powers of speech might seem to represent the whole man; and these qualities do not make a man interesting; in fact, he was too much of a prodigy for the epithet to occur to anybody as descriptive; still no reader of his biography can withhold it. There are men idolized in their families, and dull or fantastic to the world at large, who are properly interesting to nobody, the element of nature, pure and unalloyed, being wanting; but Macaulay's letters to his sisters, and the delightful image they raise of his home life, placed side by side with the blaze of his public fame, constitute him a specimen example. On this point literary people prove themselves no better judges, invested with no keener discernment, than common folks. It is amusing to read, along with these domestic revelations, Miss Martineau's summary condemnation of the man as author, politician, and social star. To be sure, her book makes it apparent that nobody was very interesting to Miss Martineau but herself and those to whom she was interesting. We are quite open to Macaulay's faults, so we need not produce here the long string of offences, failures, and errors with which she leads up to her conclusion:—"My own impression is, and always was, that the cause of the defect is constitutional. The evidence seems to indicate that he wants heart. He appears to be wholly unaware of this deficiency; and the superficial fervour which suns over his disclosures probably deceives himself, as it deceives a good many other people; and he may really believe that he has a heart. To those who do not hold this key to the interpretation of his career it must be a very mysterious thing . . . that he should never have achieved any complete success." People in the turmoil of literary work—its hopes and fears, its vanities and small transient triumphs—are not at all in a condition to detect the hidden and to see behind the curtain of manner. However, we do not know whether even the testimony of Macaulay's home life would have influenced the exponent of Positivism in her verdict.

In all notable public examples the element of mystery carries it over everything else in exciting and sustaining interest. We see this conspicuously in Swift, so profoundly interesting to the last century; though in his case the mystery did not admit of resolution into contradictory excellences. Descending to the domestic and social standards of this quality, we should say that in family life those are most interesting who are most fully known to the observer, whose intricacies of character have been a long study; while in social life it is the new and unfamiliar, which has to be guessed at, that gives the most amusing and exciting exercise to this vein of observation. The lovers of new acquaintance are always expecting to make discoveries of more than meets the eye, of depths unsuspected by the careless and indifferent; but they are impatient and often miss what they are looking for. The really interesting character grows in interest, and only fully reveals itself to the constant sympathy of a kindred nature.

We think it may be observed that the epithet is oftener applied to men than to women, which may be explained by the fact that women, in their easy, unscientific way, are much oftener students of character than men; and, as men play the more conspicuous part in the world, they are naturally the objects of this study. But also it may be that mystery, if we may so apply the word, belongs rather to man's organization. Those who do not take much pains in the choice of their epithets, but use those in vogue, will call a woman charming where they would call a man interesting; both epithets connect the object of admiration with the admirer. The man who calls a woman charming has both felt her charm and believes himself to be the object of an intention to please. The praise of moral and intellectual excellence may be bestowed without this condition, but there is always a subtle affinity between the interesting man and the person interested, between the charming woman and the person charmed.

SOCIAL USES OF RAILWAY STATIONS.

AMONG the benefits which steam has conferred on mankind, speakers at public dinners too often forget to number the social uses of railway stations. It is not in London, or in very large towns, that these gifts of progress are properly used or appreciated. The traveller's first thought when he gets into a great railway station is to get out of it again. He dashes at his luggage, if he is in England, with the reckless courage and savage delight in battle which the *Times* wrongly holds to be peculiar to Turks and Russians. The breast works erected at Paddington, for example, in the interests of the defence, can hardly resist the charge of tourists. Flustered ladies hop anxiously on the outskirts of the skirmish, and point unregarded fingers at this or that article of property. Man goes in with more energy, tears a portmanteau from the heap, drags it, or has it dragged, to a cab, and speeds away in insolent triumph, with the air of a conqueror trailing his foe at the chariot-wheels. In a Continental station the same haste and eagerness to leave the scene transmutes or

translates itself, as scientific novelists like to say, into mere fretting and fuming. A Government is denounced for calling itself Constitutional or Republican while it immures its subjects in gloomy *salles d'attente*. The incapacity of foreigners for freedom is loudly commented on; and, in short, the tourist lets all the world know that railway stations do a prison make, and waiting-rooms a cage.

When one leaves the hurry and struggle of Paris or London for the more squalid bustle of large country towns, it becomes obvious that men there have quite a different way of regarding railway stations. "Minds innocent and quiet take these for a hermitage," The quotation is not precisely correct to the letter, for a hermitage is the last place that a smart young clerk, or a collier on a holiday, or a farmer from the rural districts around, is likely to enjoy. Perhaps, too, the adjectives "innocent" and "quiet" are less appropriate than middle-class and festive. But the spirit of the Cavalier's poem is admirably illustrated in the different views of railway stations which travellers and country townspeople take. In the latter the station is all that the *λέσχη* was to the ancient Spartan, all that the club is to the Londoner, all that the pothouse is to the miner, and Tattersall's to the betting man. The life of country towns is monotonous, and, for some unknown atmospheric reason, it always rains in a trading country town. The tall chimneys refuse, like free-born English nuisances, to consume their own smoke. The citizens are therefore obliged to consume it with every breath they draw. In happy modern England, in Darlington, Newcastle, and so on, they have inhaled from childhood the noxious vapours which now make our famous air that a slave cannot breathe. A stranger, too, cannot breathe it with comfort, or without feeling as if he had been eating percussion-caps and enjoying the fragrant fumes of lucifer-matches. The natives are not sensibly affected by it, but their unconscious uneasiness shows itself in a constant thirst for such American drinks as gin-sling or for whisky and Apollinaris water. Were it not for the existence of the railway station these beverages would have to be sought for at taverns. But here the refreshment-room, which the hurried traveller dislikes and despises, justifies its existence. Any student of his fellow-creatures who is detained for an hour or two at a large country station will find that the first, second, and third-class refreshment-rooms are not intended for him or for the like of him. If he adventures himself and mildly asks for a bun or a glass of beer, he is repelled by the stony glare and unconcealed contempt of a mature young lady of thirty. Probably he is accustomed to this sort of treatment, not only from the maidens who wait in refreshment-rooms, but from the nymphs who speed, or ought to speed, his winged words down the electric wires. He has doubtless supposed that all these are a kind of company of Diana, "who leads the precise life." An hour at a railway station proves that Diana, like her archer brother, does not always keep the bow strained. Though no trains may be coming or going the refreshment-room is always full. There are young clerks who come in with the air of constant customers, and who unbend gracefully from the rigours of commerce among the buns and sandwiches. The mature young women of the counter listen to them in the most affable way, and the student of manners discovers to his surprise that the severity of the refreshment-room has given place to the familiar ease of the barmaid. The young person who "presides over the tea-urn" suddenly takes that "easy lead in conversation" which a modern commentator on the *Odyssey* has discerned among the accomplishments of Helen of Troy. One hears people complain of the lack of *salons* in modern society. The railway refreshment-room is the *Hôtel Rambouillet* of the North-country manufacturing town. The *Précieuses* of the counter exchange conundrums with their admirers, perhaps one should say their pupils. Every now and then a fast young fellow from the counting-house may be viewed in the act of handing a small packet to the person who supplies him with a glass of the local sherry. "Here is the gloves I wagered you, Emmar," he says, and Emma does not disdain the gloves, nor the ribbon, the bright, the decorative pledge of love or the offering of respectful friendship.

When one comes down a step in the social scale one finds the second-class refreshment-room always full indeed, but full of a different class of good company. "Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me," says Oliver Basselin, in Mr. Muirhead's version. Drinking is sweeter than polite conversation to the farmers and the miners. As for the farmers, they left home on market-day eager to drink town life to the dregs and the lees. When they reached the station they hurried at once to the refreshment-room. After market is over, and men have well drunk, they and a few casual miners have returned to the same haven, with no fixed idea of travelling by any train in particular, but with the general intention of setting out for home at some hour in the evening. Their conversation turns on matters of local and of sportive interest, and returns again and again to the same topic. There is no reason why they should ever stop, and no reason why they should go on. They drift away in small companies, the farmers steady on their legs and silent, the miners noisy and apt to express themselves in snatches of song. When an excursion train arrives, the visitors hurry at once into the refreshment-rooms, which seem to be the goal of their journey. The holiday of many thousands of Englishmen is nothing but a trip from Muddelbury to that interesting spot, the refreshment-room at Mugby Junction, noted for its remains of early English sandwiches. Let us admire the contented spirit which so slight a change in scenery and occupation suffices to allure, to renovate, and to restore. When the Mugby toilers have a holiday, they, in their turn, will go and

drink at Muddlebury. This plan is so sensible as almost to deserve the name of scientific. If one stops at the station and drinks there, one can hardly miss all the trains. An excursionist finds his base and his objective point, as the Military Correspondents say, at one and the same refreshment counter. He has taken up the position on which his heart was set from the moment that the invasion began, and no mortal can cut him off from his supplies. Even tobacco, in the shape of cigars and of cigarettes, is within his reach. When the station bell sounds the retreat, he can walk, or at worst be carried, to the ambulances in a few minutes, and, if he has the luck not to be crushed in an accident, he is borne back, noisy and still athirst, to his native town. There, in his own familiar station, he can refresh himself once again before returning to assert the discipline of a husband and a father.

Railway stations are not only the clubs, the salons, and on occasion, the pothouses of the people. They are also the centres of knowledge and of letters. The loafer in the town, if he has a soul above brandy and barmaids, can find few better lounges than the railway bookstall. To be sure, these places lack the charm of old book-shops and venerable stalls on the quais. You cannot "pick up" an Aldine Petrarch with illuminated initial letters, or an original copy of *Madame Putiphar*, or a rare black-letter tract, at a railway bookstall. But it is pleasant enough to see books that were puffed in their day, six months ago, now being offered at the moderate price of one shilling and sixpence. Here moulder Mr. Gladstone's *Lessons in Massacre*, like harmless shells that have fallen on a soil of clay, and bring forth no fruits of flame. Here are whole editions of the poems of our friends and the novels of respectable amateurs. The commercial lounge will find half-a-dozen papers full of information that proves his betters to be no better than they should be. Lord Tomnoddy's last escapade is hinted at with a delicate reticence, which the curious can understand after putting this and that together. It is almost as good to read these things as to belong to one of those delightful London Clubs where all the members live in the smoking-room and discuss the crimes of the nobility. Adventures, lastly, are to the adventurous, at railway-stations, and the commercial Lothario does not hesitate to make a journey to a place where he has no correspondents and no business, if he sees a chance of securing the kind of company in which he thinks he shines. At the worst, he always has, in his beloved railway station, the sight of new faces, the chance of studying the fashions, and generally a glimpse of the movement of the great world. Is it strange, then, that in big, ugly manufacturing towns, the stations are crowded with gaping, tipping idlers? The traveller, how fond soever of freedom, thinks with regret of the French system, and the stern officials who stand at the gates of the paradise of platforms.

CORINTH TO ELEUSIS.

WE could never understand why Lord Palmerston called the horse-races at Epsom "our Isthmian Games" rather than Olympic, Pythian, or Nemean. But, as it was Lord Palmerston who said it, the saying was accepted as having some special point; as doubtless many people believed on the same authority that Gothic architecture was a style specially appropriate for Jesuit colleges. The only point of special connexion between Epsom and the games of the Isthmus would seem to be that these last were dedicated to Poseidón, Ποσειδών ἱππιος, and might therefore perhaps seem to be in some way more specially "horsey" than the others. Anyhow the connexion with Poseidón was a connexion with Theseus and with Athens, and Athens always claimed a special right in the Isthmian festival, alongside of Corinth its proper president. It was somewhat strange then that, during the century when Corinth was not, the presidency of the games was bestowed on Sikyon, rather than on Athens the cherished ally of Rome. But in any case the games supply a link between Corinth and Athens. It is well then that the road—we were going to say between the two cities, but we must now rather say between the village and the capital—lies by the site of the games. We tread the path across the Isthmus which looks so flat from the mountain top, but which we now find to have its ups and downs. We pass by the traces of the stadium; we pass by the foundations of the great temple of Poseidón; we see traces of the wall which in so many ages has proved so vain a barrier; we see signs of the canal which has been so often no less vainly tried as a means to make the Isle of Pelops truly an island. Now that Athens and Corinth are no longer enemies, the work is more needful than ever. No small amount of commerce which now goes elsewhere would, we are told, pass at once through an Isthmian canal to the haven of Peiræus. We leave the site of Kenchreia to the right, and take ship again at the modern Kalamaki; we thus better see that northern part of the Saronic Gulf which we saw only in the distance as we passed from Peiræus to Nauplia. We skirt the shore of Megaris; we better take in the outline of Salamis and its satellite Psytaleia, the scene of the bloody exploit of Aristeidés. We land once more; we pass along the now familiar road, this time perhaps less anxious than before to catch the first glimpse of the holy rock of Athênê. We may perhaps rather feel that, as we near the olive groves of Kolonos, we are still within the domain of Poseidón. We may perhaps rather fix our eyes on the lowlier and more perfect Théseion than on the mightier and more shattered Parthenon. Fresh from the site of the Isthmia,

we are inclined to dwell on the legend which tells us how near Athens once was to being Poseidônia. The sea-god thus follows us on our way back from Corinth to Athens. He will follow us through some of the journeys which we must make in Attica itself, before we steer our course back again to the western shores of Peloponnésos and to the islands more western still. He who cannot see the whole of the Attic land, he who must be satisfied with picturing to himself from the Athenian akropolis how Agis sent forth his plundering bands from Dekeleia, and how the spirit of freedom set with Thrasyboulos on the brow of Phylê, must at least make his way by the Sacred Way to the holy place of Christendom at Daphné and to the holy place of heathendom at Eleusis. He must muse on the mound of Marathôn, not to dream that Greece may yet be free, but to wonder and to hope how soon the freedom which stops at Othrys may reach at the very least to Olympos. He must stand too on the marbled steep of Sounion, no longer to shrink from the land on which he stands as a land of slaves. And on two at least of these three journeys he will still find himself in the company of the same deity who reigned on the Isthmus and on Kolonos. If Déméter and her child held the first place at Eleusis, yet by the bay which is guarded by Salamis the sea-god was not forgotten, and on the height of Sounion the two powers who strove for the rule of Athens divided the sacred spot between them. The Isthmus with its games, Eleusis on its bay, Sounion on its height, may all be fittingly taken, as nearly as may be at a glance, as being all of them spots where the sea-god received at least a partial local worship.

The traveller who goes from Corinth to Athens by land will take Eleusis on his way; and those who like the wearied Ten Thousand at Kerasos, have had enough of their land passage, and who prefer to pass toilsomely—it may be asleep like Odysseus—over the waves may well make Eleusis the object of an early journey after they again find themselves at Athens. We have come back to civilized life. From Athens to Eleusis the journey may be made along the Sacred Way by the same means by which the still abiding wheel-tracks tell us that it was made of old. The journey is one of the highest interest; it is a journey of double interest for those at least who count Daphné and its abiding church no less worthy of interest than Eleusis and its fallen temple. The Sacred Way of Athens has its Roman parallel; but it is not to be found in the Sacred Way of Rome, but in the road which bears the name of the great Censor. The Sacred Way, like the Appian Way, like all ways more or less, though these two seem to have been conspicuous above others, was a street of monuments, a few of which may still be traced. Parting from the monumental quarter of Athens, from the tombs lately brought to light in Kerameikos, the Sacred Way started from the Dipylon—itsself brought to light with the tombs—and passed through the olive groves, leaving Poseidon's hill of Kolonos to the right. The starting-point of the modern road is not exactly the same, but the two join at no great distance from the ancient walls. The tombs, which are there no longer, may be studied in the itinerary of Pausanias. But one connects itself with a monument of which some traces are to be found further on. The most splendid of all the monuments by the Sacred Way is that which commemorated the most worthless ashes in its whole course. We feel that Athens had indeed fallen when the most splendid of all the tombs was raised by the son-in-law of Phokion, at the bidding and the cost of Harpalos, to commemorate Pythionikê. Further on our journey we come to the spot where the ancient temple of Aphroditê was turned to the worship of Philê, Philê-Aphroditê, the wife of Démétrios the Besieger. Philê was indeed one of the noblest of women, as Pythionikê was one of the vilest; but tomb and temple alike mark the spirit of a time when strangers were turning the men, and even the gods, of Hellas out of their native homes and altars. But, before we reach the temple of Philê, we reach one of those sites where long ages of Greek history are gathered together in a single spot. There, in the pass, was the temple of Apollo; there girded by its *peribolos*, standing on its site with the foundations built out of its stones, is the monastic church of Daphné. It is well to gaze and study while we can. Daphné has once been sacked already; here, as at Athens,

Quod non fecerunt Gothi fecerunt Scoti;

here, as on the Athenian akropolis, we may curse the name of Elgin, and bewail the columns carried off from their own place to lose beauty, value, and interest in an English museum. And so in our own time the modern spoilers of Athens, in their zeal to wipe out the history of the land, may some day doom the apses, the cupola, the campanile, of Daphné to be swept away, in the hope of finding inscriptions among their ruins. On a foundation of the temple-stones rises the church with its mingled stone and brickwork, its elaborate windows, its spreading cupola on a far greater scale than those at Corfu or at Athens. And there, perhaps more interesting than all, is the Frankish work at the west end, the defences of the fortified church, raised by the Latin princes, with the contemporary cloister, all alike the work of Western architects on Eastern soil. The barbarians who stole the columns seem to have left something behind them besides mere fragments. An Ionic column embedded in the wall helps to support an arch, once evidently part of a greater number, which carries off our thoughts to the basilicas, not of Ravenna, but of Rome.

Not much further on we can mark wheel-tracks on the rock, and we see the rude foundations—the ἀγροὶ λίθοι of Pausanias—of the *peribolos* of the temple of the two-fold Aphroditê. We are brought nearer to the days of heathendom, heathendom in so

strange a form, when we see the niches carved in the rock to receive the votive offerings—exactly the same fashion which has lingered on in our own times in many churches in Southern lands—and when we see from the inscription *Φάγ' Ἀρροδίτη* that the Macedonian Queen really had Attic worshippers. By this time we begin better to understand the geography of the country, and to see, what no view from Athens itself would teach us, how strong was the geographical barrier between Athens and Eleusis. This has been well pointed out by Mr. Mahaffy; it is the kind of thing which Mr. Mahaffy, so unlucky on some points, is as well able to take in as any man. In the view from the Athenian akropolis the eye rests on the mountains which part the Attic land from the Boeotian; it passes over the lower range which parts the more specially Athenian land from the Eleusinian. From that range itself, even from the pass that crosses it, we see how completely the two districts were shut out from one another, how—no small point in Grecian political geography—they lie out of sight of one another. We now better understand the tales in the Hymn to Demeter and in Solon's story of Tellos, which set before us Eleusis as a state distinct from Athens, and as having its wars with Athens. We understand how it alone among the Attic *δῆμοι* kept, in honour doubtless of its sacred character, the name of *πόλις*, and how once in later times, after Athens was cleared from the Thirty, it did for a moment again become a separate state. We pass along the shore of the bay, by the Rheitoi, the reservoir once sacred to the Eleusinian goddesses, in whose waters only their priests might fish. Then comes the tomb of Stratón, where we meet with our first sign that Eleusis was a great and flourishing town even in later Roman times. Stratón had a wife both whose names are Roman; and in the name of her birth-place we get one of those happy misspellings which help us to trace the history of Greek pronunciation. Her description, *Πάλλα Μουνναρία Ἡράκλεια*, teaches us that, when the monument was set up, at some time after the days of Pausanias, *η* and *αι* had already the same sound, but that Greek *αι* no longer represented Latin *ai*.

We have come to Eleusis in the guise of votaries of Poseidón; but it is to be confessed that, when we reach the sacred city, we have to take it on trust from Pausanias that the sea-god ever was worshipped there. He tells us that there was at Eleusis a temple of Poseidón the Father; but the remains which we have to study are the remains of the temple of the powers which were emphatically the Mother and the Daughter. Eleusis, like other cities, began as a hill-fort; it still has its akropolis, part of the circuit of whose wall can be traced. It is crowned by a church and bell-tower, of no wonderful architecture certainly, but which we trust may be allowed to abide, even though there may be the ten-thousandth part of a chance that a stone with two or three letters upon it might be found in their foundations. The hill of the Eleusinian akropolis forms a long irregular ridge, rising in the greater part of its course close above the bay, but running a little inland at the point where it becomes an akropolis. It thus leaves a considerable space for the lower city between the hill and the haven. In a walk along the hill, a shattered tower of Frankish times, standing on a nearly detached height, is a prominent object. When reached, it presents no details for study. But in the walk thither we look out on Salamis and the bay which it guards—a lake, as it might seem, between the mainland and the curved island—while on the other side we look down on the Thriasian plain, the plain so often ravaged by Peloponnesian invaders before they crossed the ridge of Aigaleós to deal havoc in the neighbourhood of Athens itself. And, on the ridge before we reach the tower, one of the smallest and humblest of churches will not be scorned by those who deem that no aspect of the history of the land is beneath their notice. At the foot of the hill, at the opposite end from the tower, lay, as Athens might lie were its haven close at hand, the holy city of the Great Goddesses. At the very end of the ridge, keeping away, as it would seem, from the sea, are the ruins of the temple which was once the greatest in size among the holy places of Hellas. Little now can be made out of its vast circuit. The confused and shattered ruins which are left are those of the temple of Athênê Propyliaia. Its plan may be made out with no difficulty; the results may be seen in more than one book from Colonel Leake onward. But one feature, which is not the least instructive of all, seems hardly to have drawn to itself any notice. Among its ruins lie capitals of the same class as those in the baths of Antoninus, capitals in which the traditional trammels are forsaken, and in which a wider scope is given for representation of forms divine, human or animal. These are memorials of what was in truth one of the most flourishing times in Eleusinian history; when, under the *Pax Romana*, no Tellos could fight in warfare between Athens and Eleusis, no traitors driven from Athens could find shelter in Eleusis, but when Athens and Eleusis flourished side by side, the one as the university of the world, the other as one of its chief seats of pilgrimage. Are these remains of the temple, as rebuilt by the philosophic Marcus? In any case they are links in that long chain of the history of art which here, as we stand in Eleusis, carries off our thoughts to Luca and to Wetzlar. The last age then of the glories of Eleusis begins with the saint of heathendom, the prince in whose days the martyrs of Lyons bore their torments and Polycarp played the man at the stake. They were avenged when Eleusis fell before the attack of a Christian and a Teutonic invader. The desolation which we see around us dates from that inroad of Alaric which marked so great an epoch in Grecian history, the great turning-point when pagan Hellas changed into the Christian land which scorned the Hellenic

name. Since that day Eleusis has never raised her head. A time came when she had passed away as utterly as Tiryns or Mykéné. Not an inhabited house was there when Spon and Wheeler rode to Eleusis. A small town which had arisen in the days of Leake had become smaller during the War of Independence. And now Eleusis seems to be beginning to arise again at the point of her circuit which lies furthest away from her ancient sanctuary. Vessels are in the bay; a modern factory—we forget its exact object—covers a large space between the hill and the sea. Signs of life are to be welcomed everywhere; they are especially to be welcomed when they show that Greece has life in other spots than her encroaching capital. Let the factory grow and prosper; let the vessels come in greater numbers, they will do no harm to what remains of the temple of Demeter and Athênê; only we should be glad to be equally sure that some æsthetic doctor, Greek or German, may not some day meditate a raid on the churches, the campanile, and the ruined tower.

THE CLUBS IN SEPTEMBER.

THE notorious old Duke of Queensberry, who no doubt was tolerably *blasé*, used to say that no place was pleasanter than London out of the season, since, although there might be "nobody in town," there were more people in town than anywhere else. This may be the case now as then; but it is certain that London generally is far from lively during the dead months of August and September. The depressing influences extend eastwards to the City, now that everybody either travels or shoots, and that each well-to-do man of business makes pretensions at the same time to be a man of fashion. The first-class carriages in the morning up trains are far from overcrowded, and there is a very perceptible falling-off in the crush at the great City stations. There is dullness in Mark and Mincing Lanes, and stagnation in the crooked precincts of the Stock Exchange. Wheat and spiceries, foreign funds and English railways are apt to hang heavily in the absence of competition. The cashiers behind the counters in the banks have ample breathing-time; policemen look on leniently while the empty omnibuses are lingering before the Mansion House and the hansoms crawling along Cheapside. It is the four-wheel cabs that for once seem to have it all their own way, as, laden with luggage, they convey passengers or family parties to sea-going steamers below the bridges, and to the competing railways that run to the coast. But if the City is depressingly dull, the dullness at the West is more dismal, and all the more so from the power of pleasant associations. You may wander along miles of streets and work your way round the spacious squares to see blank displays of shutters on many a hospitable mansion. The policeman on his lonely beat eyes you half wistfully, as if he fondly hoped you might be a stranger and have occasion to come to him for direction. The sweeper on the deserted crossing plies his broom zealously at your approach; and unless he has had the forethought to make himself a small capitalist, you may be sure he has a hard struggle to keep himself in his wonted comforts. As for many of the more showy shops in Bond Street and elsewhere, you are inclined to believe that it must be mainly motives of philanthropy which prevent the proprietors from temporarily putting up the shutters. Their sole chance of custom lies among stray visitors from the country, and these worthy people have ordinarily a wholesome horror of the tender mercies of fashionable tradesmen in town. Indeed it is chiefly our cousins from the country who lend any factitious animation to the streets. You may see them stand in rapt contemplation of the stuccoed façades of the sweep of Regent Street, and if they do not purchase, they do a deal of staring into the windows of the deserted shops. But, on the other hand, this decidedly melancholy state of things is by no means without compensatory advantages. Some of the huger caravansaries among the newer hotels may be filled to overflowing with strangers and foreigners. But in the snugger and quieter establishments where accommodation during the season is only to be secured by notice given long in advance, you need now have no fear of not obtaining quarters. The host himself is probably gone abroad with his wife and his accomplished daughters, but you have a hearty welcome from the head waiter on duty. You have your choice among the most luxurious bedrooms in the house, and may pick among the tables in the coffee-room at breakfast. As for lodgings in St. James's and the popular bachelor quarters, the pick of the West is before you, and you have only to make your election. For at least once in your life you find yourself a personage, and are flattered into assuming those modest airs of patronage which offer an intoxicating incense to your self-respect.

But your Club is of course your great stand-by, whether your object is to get a chance of society or simply to be comfortable and kill the time. Yet it is not without a certain apprehensive tremor that you bend your steps in the direction of the well-known door. Experience has taught you to calculate the odds as to whether you are likely to find the establishment open. Everywhere there is an annual closing for cleaning, and it is just as likely as not that the closing is indefinitely prolonged for the sake of repairs, alterations, or decorations. The amount of work of that kind which seems to lie ready to the energies of a fussy Club-Committee is something marvellous. No doubt there is a good deal of wear and tear of carpets, curtains, and the like. But it would really seem as if the supreme financial control was committed to the charge of the club builder and upholsterer, judging by the fre-

quency with which the internal arrangements are remodelled. There are cases where this is comparatively intelligible. There are clubs which have been originally converted out of private mansions, and which have gradually grown too narrow for the increasing numbers of the members. The buildings have been extending over the blank area behind, until you have the perfection of architectural ingenuity developing itself on the *multum in parvo* principle. And a perversely misplaced spirit of economy may have been closing its eyes to the prospects of inevitable expansion, so that the handsome smoking-room of six years before is grown a world too small for the occupants, while the scramble for dining space has become embarrassing. But even in those great modern clubs which wear the stately aspect of palaces the genius of transmutation is nearly as rampant. In the intervals of exciting politics or burning social questions men talk themselves into critical fastidiousness over the internal arrangements, and a feeling springs up in favour of some obvious improvement that must altogether have escaped the attention of the architect. The change may be an improvement, or it may be a mistake; in any case the corporation is seriously out of pocket, and in the meantime such members as may chance to be in town lose the benefit of their annual subscriptions, just when it should be most valuable to them. It is true that they are usually provided with a billet elsewhere, and so our strictures may seem to be far-fetched and hypercritical. But home is home, even if your home be at a club, and the friendly establishment next door or over the way is very far from being the same thing to you. Your personal club friends are scattered, as most of them make use of the alternative establishments to which they belong. You miss the familiar chair in the snug nook in the smoking room; or, if the club which is your pet resort be literary, you miss the writing-tables and the range of the book-shelves. You are all abroad as to the resources of the cellar, and must order your wines in the dark, unless you have the luck to stumble upon some new acquaintance who gives you the benefit of his experience as to the carte. You approach the unknown *cuisine* with a certain distrust, and, although the gentlemen in charge and the waiters are civil, none of them are personal friends of your own. Of course they know nothing of your habits, and it is hardly worth while to put yourself to the trouble of instructing them. Altogether, you are unpleasantly *dépaycé* just when you have a craving to feel thoroughly at home.

You feel the craving the more because your own club out of the season is in many ways eminently enjoyable. If, so far as the pleasures of conversation go, there is the sense of being a hermit, yet you have ample elbow-room, and are made very much of. There is no looking longingly at the most luxurious chairs in the occupation of elderly gentlemen who seem to have taken a lease of them for their natural lives. There is no need to send the waiter to look for a spare number of your favourite weekly journal. You sit in a shower of the evening papers, and have but to reach out your hand for a copy of any of them. In the coffee-room the portly butler can afford to devote his leisure to you, and to offer you well-considered suggestions as to the bill of fare for the day. The head *chef* may be absent on leave—that is very possible; but his *aides-de-camp* place their best services at your disposal, and, though your repast may be simple, it is sure to be choice. Your selection of company will be limited, since most of your friends are away; but then the common isolation makes strangers sociable, and the odds are that you make many pleasant acquaintances owing to the very emptiness of the land. The gentleman who takes his seat at the next table to your own is unceremoniously attired in a rough shooting-coat. You have some idea that you know his face, although surely it is sunburnt since last you saw it. He is evidently in robust health, and consequently in excellent spirits. Naturally you glide into conversation, which begins with something that may be taken as an indirect explanation of his costume. Of course he is merely in town on a flying visit. He is come up from the moors or the stubbles; or he is fresh from his mountaineering among peaks and glaciers. Although you are in London for satisfactory reasons that are best known to yourself, you are not sorry to transport yourself for a time in the spirit to the sports and pursuits of former seasons. So you and your neighbour are soon hard at work, knocking over grouse on a Highland mountain, stalking the red deer among the crags and the corries, or throwing the gaudy salmon-fly in the pools of Tay or Shannon. Or you are holding consultations with solemn guides before the doors of some hostelry in the Swiss valleys, talking over porters and commissariat, planning the afternoon start that is to take you to the mountain chalet; and then starting from your straw, seivered for lack of sleep, but happy with the first peep of the blushing dawn, to scramble up the steep surface of the snow-alopes, and cut the steps in the faces of the frowning ice-walls. Or possibly you may be comparing notes as to common friends in Continental cities, hearing reports from the skirts of the war country by an eye-witness, or listening to the latest gossip of political circles in Paris. You have laid your heads together to call for a bottle of claret, and when you rise at last to adjourn to the smoking-room, you are astonished to find how the evening has slipped away. It is true that, as everything in life has its drawbacks, there may be another side to the picture. In the half-deserted halls, where there is but slight chance of escape, you may detect one of the club bores looming in the distance. You may be sure that in the dearth of company the bore is ravenous for prey, and you feel that he has fixed you with his glittering eye before you see

him bear down upon you remorselessly. If once he metaphorically lays finger on your button-hole, you know that your fate is sealed if you are not ready with your evasions. But there are worse misfortunes than once in a way changing the hour of your dinner, or even, if necessary, countermanding the meal and going out to seek it elsewhere. And if your defensive resources fail you after timely warning—for it is possible, of course, that you may be collared while turning a corner—why then you deserve to be victimized. But, making every allowance for the chance of such mishaps, you may still find that September at the Club is far from the least agreeable month of the year.

THE JOHNSONS IN EGYPT.

THE course of antiquarian sight-seeing which all Egyptian travellers undertake begins with the Pyramids and ends with Beni Hassan. When you are sailing up the stream there is sure to be a good breeze in the bend of the river after you pass Minieh; and the tall cliffs on the left hand come into sight when the morning mist rises, tower above your head all day, and disappear in the red evening haze, as you rush on. On the right all is green over the well-watered plain as far as the eye can reach. On the left the flat-topped cliff of pale stone is almost equally monotonous. There is little scenery in the ordinary sense of the word. The long perspective of rocks, so regular that they look almost like masonry, would soon become tiresome were you not on the look out for tombs. In spite of the glare you scan the face of the cliff and are soon rewarded. Here and there the long line leaves the river's edge and forms a vast amphitheatre, approaching it again in a headland round which the boat is carefully steered while you wish you knew the Arabic form of "Look out for squalls." Here, you learn with a shudder, an ill-fated dahabeah went down one stormy night some years ago, and two English ladies were drowned. But when the corner is turned, and you are close under the rocks, you perceive that certain dark specks which you observed while you were afar off are grottoes. Across the amphitheatre, perhaps ten or twelve miles wide, they looked like accidental or natural marks in the stone, such as you have seen made by a line of flints in a chalk hill at home. They are in a stratum of harder stone, immediately below the upper or surface stratum. It is this hard stone which first attracted your attention after you left Cairo, from the way in which, owing to the decay of the stone above and below it, a bold string course or cornice appears along the face of the cliffs for miles together, and suggests that its use in architecture must have originated from its observation here by the early builders. As you have nothing else to do, and can hardly escape a kind of antiquarian sentimentalism very prevalent in Egypt, you probably add the profound reflection that, old as the corniced buildings are in this old country, the corniced cliffs are older, and were seen by the ancient Egyptians much as you see them now. The doorways are several hundred feet above the river's level; sometimes there are two or three together, sometimes there are long intervals without any. Here they are regular, right-angled, neat and new-looking; these belong to the age of the sixth dynasty, and are among the oldest tombs in the world. There they are mere holes, irregular and rough; those may have been made by the hermits of the early Christian centuries, or by the Beni Hassan, a tribe of Arabs who rendered this region a terror to travellers under the loose government of the Mamelukes. At Gebel Aboo Fayda, a few miles further on, the grottoes are close to the water's edge, but so steep is the cliff that only in quiet weather will the sailors take the boat near enough for a landing.

Of all the caves, which may be reckoned in thousands rather than hundreds, those of Beni Hassan are the most interesting. They appear further from the water's edge when you are coming down than they appeared as you went up; and the traveller is sorry he neglected them before if there is a favourable wind or a calm day for descending the stream. Indeed it is a safe rule to see everything on the way up the river, and as much as possible on the way down; but the modern traveller usually reverses it. He will now have to ride a mile or more through a corn-field, where he might have moored his boat close to the cliff, and will have to endure summer heat where he might have had a cool breeze and even a cloudy day. But, in compensation, the grass is very green below the white rocks, the sky very blue above them; and it is curious to see the farmers and their families camping out for their harvest under a kind of half tent, half hut, their little brown babies rolling in the sand, the pigeons fluttering round the sheaves, the cattle going down to the Nile to drink, and all the scenery of Pharaoh's dreams before his eyes. But those grottoes, high up above the plain, were old before the seven kine, fat-fleshed and well favoured, appeared to feed in the meadow; and Joseph, in the days of his prosperity, may have landed to measure the plain recovered from the Nile, and climbed the steep road to look at the tombs of the men of ancient days. As the traveller thus muses, let him beware of dogs. In all this region they are as fierce as English mastiffs, but obey no shepherd's voice; and if one dog is roused to anger by the unwary stranger, it brings with it seven others worse than itself. The people, too, look wilder than in other places. Many of the women wear no veils, and the traveller, who has generally been able at least to imagine a pretty face below the brown eyes, is here obliged to acknowledge as a fact that the daughters of John are not beautiful. The

Sons of Hassan, whose name, the Arabic equivalent of John, is almost as common in Egypt as here, though they may not deserve their reputation, have somehow earned an evil fame in Egypt. The unchanging air, which elsewhere would have destroyed their memorial, still preserves the mud ruins of a town belonging to the tribe which Ibrahim Pasha destroyed. It is on the edge of a rocky ravine a couple of miles from the caves, and bears melancholy testimony at once to the lawless habits of the Beni Hassan and to the primitive ideas of political order entertained by Turkish officials.

At length a belt of sand is reached, standing on a higher level than the green alluvial soil by the river's edge. Crossing it the traveller is conducted to the foot of the cliff, where a rude pathway, marked by great rounded boulders, leads up to the principal tomb. Were there nothing else to be seen at the top, the view up and down the valley would be enough. As the narrow road along a kind of terrace in front of the tombs is breathlessly attained, he turns round, under the shadow of a great rock, or within the mouth of a tomb, and looks down. Beneath him, like a brightly-coloured map, is the breadth of the land of Egypt; the green, almost yellow in the foreground at his feet, growing darker among the palms on the opposite bank, and ending, some thirty miles away in the pink distance, with the hills which border the Libyan desert. To the right, looking down the river, he sees the smoky chimney of a sugar factory belonging to the Khedive, near Farshoot, and the smoke here and there gives a little of the blue haze generally so wanting in the Egyptian landscape. Away to the right a mountain comes down to the water's edge, and shuts out any further view. It is seldom that in the long monotony of the voyage so fair a scene is presented to the traveller's eye. The river is so calm that every tree on the bank is mirrored in it, and the white sails of a Greek merchant's dahabeah flap against his mast as his sailors endeavour in vain to push the boat off a bank. You are too far off to be touched by their distress; you only hear a faint echo of the cadence to which they tune their cry, and think it sounds sweet and wild. But you are not long permitted to enjoy the view. The Arab guides, who were speechless for a moment with astonishment at your neglecting the tombs, have recovered their presence of mind, and henceforth there is no peace for the traveller upon the cliffs. "Howaga, me show paint!" or "Howaga, come dis way," is their ceaseless chorus, varied by interjections of "Backsheesh." You have no choice left you but to see the caves; yet, since there are six-and-thirty of them here, all in a row, you need not imagine that you can, by exhausting the objects of exhibition, obtain once more freedom from the too assiduous attentions of the Sons of John.

The greatest interest, of course, is excited by the tombs which have pillars closely resembling those known some thousands of years later as Doric. The first caves you come to show the best examples of a style which will be seen again at Karnac. Here they are cut out of the rock, and form entrances to deep chambers, of which the tomb of Amenemha is the finest. This gentleman—for evidently he was a gentleman by birth, position, education, tastes, and attainments—made the most elaborate preparations for his own sepulture; and could we but feel sure that he was ever buried in his rock-cut monument, or that he was never dug up again by some *antika*-seeking Arab, it would perhaps increase the pleasure with which we contemplate the decorations he has spent on wall and roof, and, the delicate eye, for form as well as for colour, which enabled him in the reign of Osirtasen I., more than four thousand years ago, to anticipate the design which should, two thousand six hundred years later, be adopted for the chief feature of the most highly finished building in the world. The two sixteen-sided columns which support the roof of the porch, and the four within the chamber, have all the characteristics of the Doric. They resemble almost exactly, in fact, the well-known columns of the temples at Pestum, near Naples; they have their flutings and their abacus; the height is sixteen feet and the diameter five; the pillar duly tapers towards the top, and it grows out of the floor below without a base. There are people who assert that the Greek column was devised without any reference to these Egyptian prototypes, which would be harder to believe were it not that a little further on in another tomb we find a column which is, if possible, more beautiful than the Doric, and which was never imitated anywhere. The shafts are formed of slender reeds, coupled at intervals, and expanding a little above a fillet near the top, to contract once more just as the roof is touched. It is possible that the Egyptians made these graceful columns from actual examples in their own houses of canes supporting a wooden roof, while the others imitated timber pillars, and that in Greece, where the reed is shaken by the wind, only the pillar which represented stability found full favour.

After all, the columns are only a part, and a small one, of the show at Beni Hassan. The pictures on the walls have been often described. They form the staple subject of illustrations in all the books on ancient Egypt. They have one great advantage, too, over what the traveller afterwards visits at Thebes; they may be seen in broad daylight without any trouble in lighting candles or aluminium wire, and without any crawling on all fours through dark passages infested with Arabs and Arabs' parasites. Unfortunately the painted walls of Beni Hassan have been especially obnoxious to the efforts of people who earn an unenviable notoriety by cutting their names on monuments. It is some comfort to the English tourist that his countrymen, contrary to

his expectations, are in a minority in such practices. When the Sons of the Johns of the North have cut their names, it is but patriotic, if not charitable, to suppose they are Americans. And sometimes a name is not without interest, though that of Pope Gregory XVI., painted over the chief entrance at Phile by the Roman Commission, is singularly out of place. On a wall at Edfou may be seen the name of that Captain Casabianca whose "boy stood on the burning deck," at the battle of the Nile; and Champollion, Irby and Mangles, Wilkinson, and other eminent men have left sparing memorials of their visits. To the name of Lepsius, who, great as he is among Egyptologists, has left unpleasant marks of his requisitions wherever sculptures are finest, a sentence of disgust or abhorrence is usually appended by a later hand. But here at Beni Hassan, as in so many other places, it is by Greeks and Italians that the greatest harm has been wrought. One tourist of the latter nation seems to have hired a sign-painter at Cairo for the voyage. Everywhere his name appears in a great circle of coarse black; and in this glorious climate, he may have the satisfaction of knowing that, unless it is systematically erased by some philanthropist of the future, his memorial will endure to all generations. It must be conceded to our countrymen that they sin less in this respect than any other travellers; for, considering that ninety out of a hundred tourists on the Nile come from England and America, and that the remaining ten may consist of five Germans, four Italians or Greeks, and one Frenchman, the pre-eminence of the last-named in making it known when he tears himself from the banks of the Seine should be acknowledged. In the famous "Tomb of the Trades" there are seven names inscribed with more or less fatal effect upon the paintings. "J. Hunter" is the only one which appears to be English among them, while "Panatiotes Andrones" is the most conspicuous with long blue letters.

SCILLY.

A ROCKY islet of this name, barely an acre in area and on which it is generally impossible to land, has given its name to a group of more than eighty islands, of which five manage to maintain a thriving population of some 2,500 people. This little archipelago has its history like the rest of the world, and possesses its myths and traditions more or less trustworthy; it has been mixed up with some of the stirring events of English history in the past, and enjoys a prosperous present. Probably because they are so near to the mainland, and yet severed from it by twenty-five miles of sea, these islands have received less notice than is their due. The girl who has gone through the hands of a cramming governess and has passed the Oxford or Cambridge Local Examination will speak to you of Scilly as the Cassiterides, and will tell you that the Phœnicians (everything in Cornwall has its own apocryphal Phœnician era) came thither for their tin; and she will gaze with the incredulous stare of superior knowledge when told that the traces of tin are hard to find, and that the signs of mines ever having been worked in Scilly are few and indistinct. In some minds the islands are connected only with Covent Garden and early potatoes; while the sight of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument in Westminster Abbey and the news of occasional disasters like the wreck of the *Schiller* in 1875 will convey a general impression of a few storm-lashed rocks, a terror to sailors and without charms for landmen. We doubt whether the Scilly Islands have ever attained the dignity of a place in the papers of the Civil Service examiners; well-crammed candidates would know all about the Hawaiian group, with its history of a single century, and would write lengthy papers on the precise differences between the Polynesian and Melanesian groups and the diverse centres from which their respective populations emanated; but of the Scilly group so much nearer home they would probably know nothing that would have value in the eyes of examiners or add to their tale of marks. It is not our intention to write ever so brief an analysis of the history of Scilly; but the islands have played their part both in ecclesiastical and in secular annals. They passed, with the other possessions of Tavistock Abbey, into the hands of Henry VIII., and did not profit largely by the change of owners; and three centuries ago Queen Elizabeth leased them to the Godolphins, who held them until 1830.

From this point the modern history of the islands begins. The Godolphins had grown much in importance during the two hundred and sixty years that the islands had been under their rule; but the same could not be said of the islands themselves. The "Lord Proprietor," as the lessee is still called, had never been resident, perhaps for the sufficient reason that no suitable house existed. The population were thriftless and rude; a rough and uncertain discipline had been capriciously exercised by the proprietor's deputies, a court of twelve persons; but precarious tenure and scarcity of houses discouraged all attempts at improvement, and piloting, wrecking, and smuggling furnished the people with a precarious livelihood. The late proprietor, Mr. Augustus Smith, introduced a far wholesomer state of things; in the House of Commons, where he represented Truro, he was an advanced Liberal; in Scilly he was a despotic but beneficent feudal lord. He began with building himself a good house on Tresco, the second largest island; schools were established, and attendance was made compulsory, not after the manner of the House of Commons, but in a simpler fashion. If a tenant kept two or

three children at home in idleness, it was regarded as a token of his being in flourishing and luxurious circumstances, and able to pay a higher rent. Paupers were deported to the mainland, and grown-up lads were not allowed to loaf about at home, but were recommended, in a manner that was equivalent to a command, to seek wider fields for their energies; horticulture was encouraged, and a regular service of steamers was substituted for capricious communication with the mainland by sailing packets; the trade of shipbuilding furnished occupation for many hands, and the telegraphic cable brought the islands nearer to the rest of the world. The people are now educated to a degree that may be paralleled in Scotland, but hardly in England; they have the faults peculiar to Celtic races, drunkenness perhaps excepted; with a good deal of genuine simplicity, they share with their Cornish neighbours the faculty of looking out keenly for their own interests. They will ask an exorbitant price for the use of their boats or for any personal service which they may render; and, when they contentedly accept a third or fourth of their original demand, will tell you with unconscious naïveté that their season is short, that they must make hay while the sun shines, &c. As a matter of fact, they depend but little on visitors, and their season is co-extensive with the year; it varies only in the manner in which the people employ themselves. Long before Londoners have begun to dream of spring the Scillonians are rejoicing in crops approaching maturity, and while the north-east winds of May form the subject of our hourly animadversions the great harvest of early potatoes and asparagus has been realized. Then all the year round the sea yields its supplies. A Scillonian is an amphibious Jack of all trades; he is as good on sea as on land, can handle an oar or rig a ship, or do his part at ship-carpentering, as well as he can work in the garden or the field. The class of day labourers does not exist in the islands. Steady, continuous, and uniform work finds no favour with the people. They take a "hand's turn" at whatever comes in their way, and it must be added that a job of piloting a ship in distress, or getting salvage from one that is beyond the point at which help is feasible, comes home to their hearts as though it were the final cause of their existence. No hour probably of any four-and-twenty passes in which there are not lounging figures on the high lands, apparently listless and apathetic, but keenly on the look-out for whatever the uncertain sea may throw in their way. From a wrecked or endangered ship to a floating spar covered with weed and barnacles, everything has its use in the hands of a Scillonian.

It is marvellous to us that neither the islands nor the people are better known. The man must be strangely constituted who cannot find ample attractions in Scilly, whatever his tastes may be. The day is still remote when the lovely islands will be vulgarized by streams of noisy, hurrying tourists. Their distance from the great centres of population will long secure them immunity from these incursions; the necessity of having to brave a passage of about four hours' duration will deter many from visiting them who would delight in them when reached; but, if the voyage is twice as long as the passage from Calais to Dover, the steamers which ply between Penzance and St. Mary's are at least twice as good as the mail boats whose performances we recall with horror. And then the voyage is full of interest. Instead of the dull crossing of the "silver streak," with nothing to interest one beyond the probable moment of arrival, the run to Scilly presents a series of views of exquisite beauty and variety. The fishing villages in Mount's Bay, whatever their sanitary condition on a closer inspection, seem loveliness itself to the passer-by who looks at them from the deck of the steamer. Lamorna Cove, with its granite quarries and its primitive-looking pier; the lonely station of the Telegraph Company; the famous Logan Rock; and then Tol-Pedn-Penwith, the finest headland perhaps on the whole Cornish coast—these make up a varied series which it is worth while to go a long way to see. The landsman who likes to feel himself half a sailor will also have material for sea-faring conversation when he has passed the Rundle Stone, and seen and heard the buoy, with its heavy clapper, beating its monotonous tune as it sways to and fro with the waves, warning the ships from the reefs which lie below. The Land's End, with the Longships Lighthouse below, is also within view; and, when the steamer leaves the coast and strikes across the sea for Scilly, the beautiful "Wolf" Lighthouse, one of the most graceful and successful efforts of modern architecture, will break the tedium of the passage. Once landed on the islands, it will be the visitor's own fault if he regrets his labour. If he wants to be *procul negotiis*, to be free from correspondence and worries of business, he knows that only thrice a week can the post reach him, and that the weather may reduce even this moderate supply of news; for some months past, greatly to the detriment of local trade, but greatly also to the comfort of the man who wants rest, the telegraph cable has not been in working order. Let him pay an early visit to Treco and see the exquisite and unique gardens, not only models of horticultural skill, but conspicuous also for the freedom courteously accorded to visitors. Entering a Swiss chalet sort of lodge, you are immediately confronted by a series of grotesque effigies; kings and heroes, nymphs and goddesses, the carved apotheoses of many virtues, stand out in the walls and greet you. These are the figure-heads of ships whose voyages have come to an untimely end on the reefs of Scilly. Having entered your name in a visitors' book, you are requested to read a printed paper which tells you the terms of your admission; these are very simple—that you may go unattended where you like, provided always that you refrain from

"cutting your names and scribbling nonsense." You are further informed that if you desire to take away cuttings of anything in the garden, the gardener is instructed to supply you, and the notice ends with the courteous *Par vobiscum*. The gardens are wholly unlike any others that we have ever seen; fifteen acres are under cultivation, but, as the high winds render shelter of the first necessity, they are cut up into small parallelograms, divided by lofty hedges of plants which on the mainland are only half hardy. The *Escalonia macranthus* forms a favourite hedge, and grows up strong and quickset. Glass there is none, save two small houses for vines and figs, and in these there is no artificial heat. Flowers seem to be of less account than the semi-tropical shrubs and trees which are here acclimatized. The first sight of the garden carries you at once a thousand miles southward; huge flowering aloes, palm trees hardier and loftier than Kew, with all the skill and care of its staff, can produce, the paper-tree of China, a forest of *Dracenas*, with a host of trees strangers to the home-staying Englishman, are here flourishing, unchecked by winter's cold. The art of "bedding out" has no scope for its exercise in Scilly, because the plants do not perish in autumn; the gardener has only to cut out from the bed the superabundant growth, which is done with a hook as though it were a hawthorn hedge. When you leave the gardens you see in the paddock in front of the Abbey the ostriches, contented and at home as though they were hard-door fowls. Probably owing to the liberality of the Lord Proprietor, the gardens everywhere in the islands possess rare plants and trees; we noticed a very humble thatched cottage with three magnificent palm-trees standing in its little square of garden. The glittering margin of white sand which fringes all the islands provides a store of curious shells, and the many granite cars, which are equivalent to the Tors of Dartmoor, furnish a series of outlooks of which each appears more beautiful than its predecessor. The ecclesiologist will find in the ruins of the old Abbey of Treco, with its tombs and kist-vaens, now nearly covered with a wealth of evergreen geranium, something to detain him; the modern churches on the islands are commonplace, but the old Church of St. Mary's, now used only as a mortuary chapel, owes much to its past history and to its present surroundings. It stands in the middle of a cemetery of almost unequalled beauty; from the shore of the little bay which Peninnis Head encloses, the peaceful graveyard rises on the slope of a hill; rows of palms and flowering aloes are ranged like sentries at the top; cacti, geraniums, and fuschias abound everywhere; and the granite walls which surround the whole are covered with the *Mesembryanthemum*, which grows like a weed. Here lie the bodies of Henry Trelawney, the son of the famous bishop, and the other companions of Sir Cloudesley Shovel; and here, too, the nameless graves of the victims of the *Schiller* disaster are ranged, row after row, each with its rude wooden memorial bearing a separate number.

It would be difficult elsewhere to discover, in an area of the same size, so many sources of interest. In the very names of the places the philologist will find a study; the fern collector would look in vain in other regions for such a growth of *Asplenium marinum* as the fissures of the rocks of Scilly produce; the antiquary may puzzle himself with Druidical remains, and may decide whether the so-called Rock Basins bear testimony to Druidical sacrifices or to the disintegrating action of weather on granite in a state of decomposition. While boating in these lovely waters it is well to vary the pastime by catching some fish, for, whatever love may do, money will not buy you fish in Scilly. It is provoking to see a wretched sloop in the harbour carrying away all the crabs and lobsters which have been caught since her last visit and have been kept for her arrival. This is the one drop of bitterness in the cup of happiness which Scilly presents to its visitors. There are fresh-water ponds on Treco and St. Mary's, with abundance of fish to be had for the labour of taking a rod; and, the close season over, a gun will find plenty of birds to destroy; while the tide pools will yield to those who are bent on more peaceful pursuits a variety of zoophytes which will gladden a collector's heart. From the high lands, at more than one spot, it is possible on a clear night to see five lighthouses—namely, the "Bishop," with its bright fixed light, the first to welcome the ship that comes across the Atlantic; the "Agnes Light," with its flash once every minute; the beautiful "Wolf Light," alternately flashing red and white; the two white lights of the light-ship moored at the Seven Stones; and the "Longships Light" at the Land's End. All the elements of a perfect holiday scene are to be found at Scilly, and many who have to flee from our inclement winters would do better in the pure, soft air of these islands, with English comforts and roomy quarters, than in stuffy Southern towns with limited sanitary arrangements. The five inhabited islands have each their church, and there are three resident clergymen. But it is right to mention that physical necessities are less cared for than spiritual; the islanders did very well without medical aid, save such as was unprofessional, until a few years ago when a Cornish gentleman met with an accident while shooting, and the steamer was sent in all haste to Penzance to fetch a surgeon, the sufferer remaining in agony for some ten hours. A medical man now lives on St. Mary's, and visits his patients on the other islands by boat—a feat, however, that often cannot be accomplished for successive days or even weeks.

One fact yet remains to be mentioned; neither property-tax nor assessed taxes are collected in Scilly, nor are license duties paid.

A light poor-rate, an occasional road-rate, and landing dues at the pier are the only fiscal burdens laid on the happy Scillonians. Many an over-taxed Briton, free to choose his own dwelling, might pitch his tent in the far West, and come to regard the little archipelago as veritable Islands of the Blessed.

THE DESERVING POOR.

WE once heard a sermon in which the preacher spoke of an eleventh commandment, which he traced to anything but a divine origin. "Thou shalt not be found out" was, he maintained, the Satanic addition to the Decalogue. This sermon "came home" to us, and, as we meditated upon it, the thought occurred to us that, in addition to the modern commandment, there was a supplementary beatitude, to the following effect—"Blessed are the deserving poor, for they shall have flannel petticoats." Let it not be supposed, however, that this reward consists in a full-fledged petticoat. Far from it. The technical phrase which describes this rich earthly blessing merely means three yards of flannel which it will be the privilege of the deserving poor to stitch together into the form of a nether garment. It represents, in fact, the gathered but unsewed fig-leaves. Comparatively mean articles of dress have gradually obtained honour in later ages. Even the chasuble and dalmatic, over the disputed use of which so many thousands of pounds have been expended in our ecclesiastical law courts, began life in humble circumstances; and in the same manner the flannel petticoat has assumed, and is yet still more assuming, associations of piety and an odour of sanctity in certain clerical and female minds. Perhaps it may some day be regarded as a "distinctive vestment," or even be put to "superstitious uses." But, much as the mind naturally loves to dwell on pleasant subjects, it is a wholesome discipline to look occasionally on the dark side of the picture; and thus we are fain occasionally to ponder moodily over the melancholy fate of the flannel-petticoatless undeserving poor. That there should exist wretches who do not annually receive three-shillings-and-sixpence worth of flannel to be converted, through their own industry, into the well-known sacred garment, is a thought almost too horrible for the human imagination to dwell upon. But, considering the great happiness of the blessed deserving, it follows as a natural corollary that it is a matter of the highest importance to discover who and what are the "deserving poor." It is a curious expression, and has an ambiguous and a technical ring about it. Can it mean the poor who are deservedly so, or the poor who are deserving of some "unknown quantity"—the workhouse perhaps, or three weeks' imprisonment for vagrancy, or any of the other rewards which are provided for the destitute in this enlightened country? But no; the honour of being classed in the holy order of deserving poor is one which it is the prerogative of the clergyman of the parish to dispense, and is as exclusively a distinction in the gift of the clergy, aided of course by their lady allies and counsellors. Indeed, a letter patent from the rector or vicar is essential for obtaining the full advantages of the title, and this letter, judiciously used, may become quite an endowment.

If we desired (which we do not) to give the poor a few hints which might be for the furtherance of their admission into the ranks of the so-called "deserving," we should begin by advising them to make friends among the mammon of district visitors, and to that end to single out for performance the least onerous of the many duties which those functionaries consider obligatory upon the lower classes. Now we recollect that at College the non-reading and fast men used to make a point of a very regular attendance at chapel, because it covered a multitude of sins, while it only detained them for a quarter of an hour a day. Indeed it was not uncommon for members of the University who had a taste for gambling to pursue their unholy practices until the hour for morning chapel, after which they would betake themselves to their couches. In the same way regular church-going will do much towards getting the cottager into the good graces of the district visitor. On the other hand, the awful words, "Betsy, I did not see you in church last Sunday evening," convey much the same impression to the hearer as that made on Lady Elizabeth when she reads in the money article in the *Times* of the serious depreciation of the foreign bonds in which the principal part of her capital is invested. In fact, when Betsy's absence from the sacred edifice has been observed the poor woman feels herself to be "quoted lower." A week-day service is an excellent speculation, the paucity of the congregation making the presence of the worshipper the more conspicuous. It is also highly desirable to accept and glance over all tracts which may be offered, and considerable amusement may frequently be derived from them. But if the books or tracts are only lent, it may be better to ensure their being kept clean by never opening them, and simply to state, on their return, that they are "very beautiful." A subscription to the clothing club counts for a great deal, and as it really pays, it is to be recommended, if the immediate exigencies of the public-house will permit it. When circumstances furnish an excuse for an application to the maternal parish bag, the opportunity should be seized, or the parson and his lady helps will consider that an important means of grace has been neglected. Whether missionary meetings or guilds and confraternities are a matter of obligation will depend entirely upon the powers that be; but in either case the lead must be assiduously followed. Where the rector likes his services to be what he calls congregational, it is well to

assist in making them so by joining lustily in the responses and hymns. Caution should be exercised in practising the hackneyed trick of opening a Bible and laying it upon a table whenever a district visitor or cleric is seen approaching the house; but a little knowledge of character will soon enable any one to discover whether the visitor is easily taken in by little devices of this description. The deserving poor of twenty years ago found it profitable to talk much about "The Lord"; but such a habit is dangerous in these days. We could offer many suggestions to the poor as to the most advisable dodges and tricks to adopt among different denominations of Christians, but our good offices might be misunderstood. The poor matron who wishes to be put on the deserving list, will of course frequent the mothers' meetings, and she will often find that confidential conversation regarding her maternal troubles will not be without its reward, particularly when carried on with aged spinsters. She should enlarge upon the epicurean and fastidious tendencies exhibited by her last baby, demand sympathy for her last but one in its teething, ask counsel (never to be followed) with regard to the regulation of the erratic interior of her last but two, and furnish interesting details concerning the recent chastisement of her last but three. She must express anxiety for the conversion of her husband, while declaring her thankfulness at his sobriety and industry. Finally, she ought to inform herself of the clerical partialities of her district visitor, and be prepared with anecdotes concerning the curates which may be likely to please her Lady Bountiful. With respect to the men, we much question whether it is worth their while to aim at classification among the deserving poor at all. The clergy and their lay-workers generally estimate the merits of a cottager's family by the conduct of the wife, as they seldom call at hours when the husband is at home. After all, to a man the game is scarcely worth the candle, since to be classed among the deserving poor brings him neither beer nor spirits, and he cannot wear a flannel petticoat. If he becomes ill, it will be time enough for him to make himself interesting.

There used to be a saying among schoolboys that "Those who ask shan't have, and those who don't ask don't want," and some people appear to wish to apply this principle to the poor. In these days, and with good reason, beggars are not encouraged; and those who will not beg are too often supposed to be in comfortable circumstances. But the poor who accurately pronounce the proper Shibboleth are overwhelmed with bounties. We may divide the deserving poor into two classes, the private D. P. and the regulation D. P. The former are those who have been beatified in this life by parish parsons or Ladies Bountiful, and whose qualifications consist in a servile pandering to the peculiar idiosyncrasies of their special patrons; and the latter consist of such as have been prematurely canonized by anti-mendicity societies, Boards, and Poor Law officers. The one may be said to form the raw material of good little books, the other of letters to the *Times*. The private D. P. serves as a living monument to Dives that he has not neglected to feed the poor, and is a convenient person to refer to whenever the rich man's conscience is uncomfortable. He likes everything which he ought to like, dislikes those things which he ought to dislike, and is a believer in the personal infallibility of the rector. But the regulation D. P. is even more useful. He is the living embodiment of a principle, a "fact" for the social economist to quote as occasion may require. He is the very incarnation of early closing, ventilation, sewage, and local legislation. He will accept charities provided that they do not pauperize him; but it must be with the clear understanding that he is thereby laid under no personal obligation. Unfortunately the D. P. of all kinds, when once they become aware that they are enrolled in the order, begin to regard anything which may be given to them as a right rather than as an alms. They think that they are doing you an absolute service by relieving you of your flannel at Christmas, become fastidious in the matter of soup, and have a holy horror of Australian meat. When they send their children to school, they are deeply sensible to the obligation under which they lay the person who pays the principal portion of the mistress's salary, and are convinced that no amount of soap, coal, or flannels can ever repay them.

The expression "deserving poor" is not a pleasant one, and is apt to engender in the hearer a feeling of irritation towards the speaker. It implies a priggish and erroneous estimate of the lower orders, a false idea of the relative duties of the rich and the poor, unlimited gullibility, and narrow prejudice. It is a bit of goody slang, which is the most obnoxious of all kinds of slang, and, worse still, is a piece of slang with a vicious meaning. When we hear it used by our clerical acquaintances, we are divided between a sense of ridicule and a feeling of pity at the thought that they can express themselves in language so utterly opposed to the whole spirit of the book on which they profess to found their religion.

THE COTTON TRADE STRIKES.

IT is unfortunate for the labouring population of this country that they should have so little help, in the way of good advice, from those who profess to be their special friends. There are many public men who, in and out of Parliament, make a great parade of effusive sympathy with the working classes, and of their anxiety to see them better off; but none of them seem to

have the courage to warn the multitude of the ruinous consequences of the delusions to which they still cling under the influence of the managers of the Trade-Unions. The explanation of this is simply that a large body of working-men now occupy an important political position; they are voters, and those who want their votes are afraid to speak out frankly to them, and to expose the irrational and injurious operation of the false principles on which they act. Members of Parliament and candidates seeking seats have nowadays to be very cautious what they say about this important element in the constituencies, for they know how much their chances of support depend on its good will. There can be no question as to what are the chief objects which the Trade-Unionists have in view, no matter what pretext or covering may be used to disguise them. What they want is to obtain an artificially high rate of wages by keeping down production; and hence the demand for short time and other efforts to limit the amount of work done. An instructive exposition and defence of this policy was given the other day, in reference to the Bolton strike, by Mr. George Potter, who thus described the position which the men thought they were entitled to occupy:—"They say" (that is, to the employers) "Let the wages remain as they are; run your mills short time, reduce your over-supply, and things will soon alter for the better, as you may make up by improved prices what you lost by diminished production and increased cost of production. You will, in fact, restore the equilibrium between supply and demand, from the disturbance of which your present embarrassments have arisen. We shall lose largely as working-men in our weekly incomes by this; but we prefer it, as we know that, as soon as trade permits, you will in your own interests run your mills full time again, and you and we will be put on our present footing again without any chance of a struggle full of evil consequences to both." Mr. Potter also admits that, though there was "in the operation of demand and supply a sufficient reason why prices of manufactured goods should recede, there was no corresponding reason why the price of labour should fall," merely because "over-supply has come to be the normal condition of things." All this would seem to involve the absurd assumption that the cost of producing a commodity has nothing to do with the price for which it is to be sold in the market; or, in other words, that the fluctuations of trade are to be borne by employers alone, while the pay of the men is to go on just the same, whether times are good or bad. What people who take this view of the subject leave out of account is that manufacturers are not at all likely to submit to such terms. They have invested a large amount of capital in their business, and have a right to expect an adequate return for it. It is all very well for the men to settle what would suit themselves—though even on this point they are, we believe, taking a wrong course—but they forget that they are not the only body concerned in the question. The injury which half-time inflicts on employers is that they have to keep up their establishments without getting any return from them during one-sixth of the usual working time, and that their machinery thus gets out of order, and is deteriorated, while their fixed expenses remain. This, of course, entails a heavy loss, which they have no means of repairing; and it is not to be expected that they should voluntarily submit to such terms. Moreover, in such a case working men have to consider their relations not only with their employers, but with the public, who, if prices are forced up by wilful abstention from work and diminished production, will naturally protect themselves by reducing their purchases; so that, even if the masters were disposed to yield, the public would hold out.

On the other hand, nothing can be more suicidal for the men themselves than the tactics which they are now pursuing. It is obvious that, at a time like the present, when trade is generally depressed, a strike, such as that at Bolton, which throws ten thousand men into absolute idleness, and stops some four millions of spindles, must be very disastrous to the country, as well as a severe trial to those who have brought it about. A case was mentioned the other day in a letter to the *Times*, in which, after a reduction of hours in a mill from sixty to fifty-six per week, the wages of the whole of the workers have fallen 15 per cent.; and, indeed, this has been the history of the system wherever it has been tried. A short time back the Welsh colliers thought themselves very clever in taking care to turn out only a small quantity of coal; so that, while between 1861 and 1875 the number of colliers was increased by 80 per cent., the output of coal had increased only at the rate of 54 per cent. In 1861 every man, on the average, raised 305 tons; the rate of production then sank to 297 tons in 1872, and 249 in 1874. Thus there was a falling off of more than a sixth in the mechanical activity of each man. The effect for a time of this system was no doubt to raise prices, but the ultimate result was that people economised in their use of fuel, and the sale went down. Again, the engineers at Newcastle and elsewhere, a year or two back, contrived to get an hour struck off their day's work, but the experiment proved a lamentable failure, and has since for the most part been given up. There was, indeed, at the time a great deal of pretty talk about the advantage of the men having more leisure for intellectual improvement; we were told that, being refreshed by and grateful for the additional repose allowed them, they would work more zealously and efficiently in the remaining hours. In point of fact, it must oftener have happened that the men, instead of applying themselves more diligently and conscientiously during the working hours, began to "play"—that is, to make a mere pretence of work—for an hour before they left; while, instead

of improving their minds, they used their leisure only in drinking more beer in public-houses. Then the London masons, who are now on strike about pay, have chosen a very inopportune moment, for, as is well known, there has lately been a fall in the value of house property, and an unusually large number of houses are standing empty for want of tenants. Occasionally a strike is temporarily successful, but the general result is bad, inasmuch as it involves the loss of wages while it lasts and an injurious disturbance of trade. In 1854 there was a great strike at Preston, and the Committee conducting it announced that "the employers had succeeded in their unholy undertaking of resisting the rise of 10 per cent." This was in the thirty-seventh week of the struggle, and it was calculated that as much as 500,000*l.* was lost in carrying it on.

It must always be kept in view that the real object of the Trade-Unionists in clamouring for short time, or in trying to put down piece-work, is simply to limit production; and this has even been admitted by members of the body. Thus Mr. Conolly, a leading man among the Unionists, put the matter very plainly in his evidence before the Royal Commission of 1867-9, when he said, "Our rules are made for men, not for masters; we do not take masters into account at all in our arrangement of the matter; we merely look upon them as men who step in with their capital, and who want to get the greatest profit they can out of their capital, while we want to get the greatest profit we can out of our labour; and we find that by an arrangement of this sort, without depriving society of the advantage of the skill of its members, we can gain our object." In point of fact, the community at large suffers from the artificial checks imposed on production and good workmanship. As Sir E. Beckett points out in a letter just published, "If the world resolves to do only half as much work as it can without over-taxing men's strength, there will be only half as much wealth produced as there might be, and therefore only half as much to spend in hiring fresh labour. This is just the same in effect as if half the population were thrown out of work and had to live on the produce of the labour of the other half doing full work, or as if every man lost half his strength by illness, but retained his appetite and all his other powers of consuming or using up the produce of labour. They are still, however, under the impression that the less work, and the worse, every man does the more men must be employed in a trade; and that plausible view holds good for a while until the laws of nature have had time to operate, which they do as inevitably as gravity, only slower, and the connexion of causes and effects is not so visible." In other branches of society, if a man is dissatisfied with the income he gets from his regular work, he sets himself to see how much more work he can do in order to earn additional pay; and he may have, at a bad time, even to submit to a reduction of wages. What the working classes, as led by their present leaders, are aiming at is to make themselves independent of all such conditions; but it is certain that this is an impracticable plan, which it is especially dangerous to attempt just now, in the face of keen and active competitors abroad who are accustomed to work much longer hours than working men at home. As "A Millowner" justly remarks in a letter to the *Times*, the direction in which a remedy for the present agitation must be looked for is to establish an increased activity of machinery so as to get more out of it; and he asserts that, "if a cotton mill could be run with two sets of hands, each working forty-eight hours a week, the millowner could even now pay as much wages for the forty-eight hours as he now pays for fifty-six hours." He therefore hopes that he may live to see the day when in this way the labouring population will work shorter, and the machinery longer, hours. However this may be, there can at least be no doubt that the working of short time for which the mill hands contend has very little chance of being adopted. For some time past the cotton manufacturers have been doing their best to push their trade in all parts of the world; but the results have, on the whole, been very unsatisfactory. A strong proof of this is that, while, according to the Board of Trade returns for last year, the export of cotton goods increased, the import of raw cotton has declined sixty-six per cent.; so that the millowners are evidently looking out for a bad time, in which their business may be expected to fall off. The only practical way of meeting such a state of things is to reduce the cost of production; and this is certainly not to be done by half-time. It is very easy, but also very foolish, for Mr. Potter and his friends to talk about "improved prices," as if it were certain that the rest of the world would be quite willing to pay whatever is asked; but this is not very likely to happen.

A FIRST NIGHT AT THE MAISON DE MOLIÈRE.

ON the 30th of May, 1666, as we learn from M. Henri Lavoix, who has published a little book called *La Première Représentation du Misanthrope*, the King's Comedians at the Palais Royal played *Les Visionnaires* and *Le Cocu Imaginaire*. At the end of the first piece La Grange, the usual spokesman on such occasions, came forward, and, with the pleasant manner which he turned to such good account on the stage, expressed to the audience the company's thanks for their kindness, and announced that on the following Friday would be presented a new comedy by M. de Molière, in five acts of verse, called *Le Misanthrope*. It seems strange now-a-days to hear of a favourite author and manager

selecting the very middle of summer for the first representation of an important new play; but this is explained by the following passage quoted by M. Lavoix from Chappuzeau:—"Toutes les saisons de l'année sont bonnes pour les bonnes comédies; mais les grands auteurs ne veulent guère exposer leurs pièces nouvelles que depuis la Toussaint jusqu'à Pâques, lorsque toute la cour est rassemblée au Louvre ou à Saint-Germain. Aussi l'hiver est destiné pour les pièces héroïques; et les comiques régneront l'été, la gaye saison voulant des divertissements de même nature." The same authority explains that Friday was generally chosen for a first night in order to secure a full house on Sunday if the piece obtained a favourable hearing. On Tuesday, the 1st of June, the announcements of the theatre bore the word *néant*, which had the same meaning as the modern *relâche*. Tuesdays, which now-a-days, by-the-by, are the nights on which during the season in Paris the world of fashion assembles in evening dress to do homage to the drama at the Français, were in Molière's time often devoted to rehearsals. La Grange's announcement of the coming play was followed up by advertisements posted up during the next two days containing the name of the piece and of the author, but saying nothing of the characters or their distribution among the actors. When the day of the first representation of the *Misanthrope* came the playhouse doors opened at two o'clock, and the players were all ready to go on the stage. While they are waiting for the house to fill, M. Lavoix takes his reader over the theatre. Already the doors are besieged by some of the King's people—gardiens du corps, gendarmes, cheval-légers, pages and lackeys, who assert their right to entrance without payment—a point which has to be contested by the two strong porters, Saint-Germain and Gillot, who have often had to sustain assaults, in one of which Saint-Germain has been wounded. Their authority has lately been protected by an edict of M. de la Reynie, Lieutenant-General of Police, who has given orders that on occasion a sergeant and two soldiers of the guard may be sent to reinforce Saint-Germain and Gillot. The King for his part has said that his people are to pay for their entrance, and this time the dispute between them and the porters does not go further than words. The prices of admission at this date were five livres ten sous for the *loges basses*, thirty sous for the *secondes loges*, three livres for the amphitheatre, the same price for the balcony, and fifteen sous for the pit. The reserved seats on the stage cost half a louis each. These were occupied, as they were in England, by people who came to the theatre more to show themselves than to see or listen to the play, and whom Molière attacked in a passage of *Les Fâcheux*.

In the front of the house were two buffets, one near the boxes, the other by the pit. There, says a contemporary author, "On tient l'été toutes sortes de liqueurs qui rafraichissent, des limonades, des eaux de framboise, de groseille, de cerise, plusieurs confitures riches, des citrons, des oranges de la Chine; et l'hiver on y trouve des liqueurs qui réchauffent l'estomac, des rossolis de toutes sortes, des vins d'Espagne et de la scioutad de Rivesalte et de Saint-Laurent. J'ai vu le temps où l'on ne vendait dans les mêmes lieux que de la bière et de la simple tisane, sans distinction de romaine ni de citronnée; mais tout va en ce monde de mieux en mieux, et de quelque côté qu'on se trouve Paris ne fut jamais si beau ni si pompeux qu'il est aujourd'hui. Ces distributrices doivent être propres et civiles et sont nécessaires à la comédie, où chaque n'est pas d'humeur à demeurer trois heures sans se réjouir le goût par quelque douce liqueur." It is not observed that Parisian playgoers of the present day are more apt than were their ancestors to sit out a long play without some kind of refreshment; and, considering the stifling atmosphere of Parisian theatres, it would be strange if they were; but the buffets inside the theatre have been exchanged for a *café* next door, with a bell to announce the approaching rise of the curtain. Possibly the optimist chronicler would, if he saw this alteration, be still inclined to think that "tout va en ce monde de mieux en mieux," as far as playhouses are concerned, and his approval might be extended to other changes inside the theatre. At the present day, the stage of the Théâtre Français is better lighted than any stage in which ordinary footlights are used, because, instead of being illuminated by a fierce glare of gas, the scene and the actor are viewed by the softer light thrown from a row of moderator lamps placed in the float. This may certainly be regarded as an improvement upon the arrangement which brought into requirement the services of two snuffers, one of whom was employed at the back, the other at the front of the stage, while both kept a wary eye lest the scenery should catch fire. "Des muids remplis d'eau et des seaux sont prêts en cas d'accident. Si les flammes s'élancent tropardentes de l'abîme où s'engloutit le meurtrier du commandeur, les capucins sont là veillant au salut de Don Juan et du théâtre; les capucins font office de pompiers." The music was supplied by six violins placed in different parts of the house according to circumstances; and it was thought desirable that they should always know their cues beforehand, to avoid the inconvenience which was not infrequently caused by some one having to call out to them "Jouez!" The prompter's position was not, as at present, in a little box in the middle of the float, but at the wings; and on the stage itself the actors had to regulate their movements in accordance with the fact that it was occupied by twenty-five spectators as well as themselves. M. Lavoix might have contrasted the appearance of the stage of Molière's theatre in those days with its aspect in these, when the part shut off by the scenery more nearly resembles a spacious room in a private house than the back part of an ordinary theatre's stage. There is no confusion, no bustling; and the rules of ordinary well-bred society are observed

by every one who is there, whether on business or pleasure. No actor appears there without taking off his hat, just as he would on entering a private room; and to give opportunities for rest and conversation which shall not interfere with the progress of the play to those not actually engaged in the scene, there is a kind of alcove, hung with light curtains, which can be run on wheels from one part of the stage to another, and in which there is room for two or three people. This haunt has of late years become more popular than the celebrated *foyer des artistes*, about which there is in truth a somewhat chilling air of grandeur. The walls seem, as it were, hung with the regulated stiffness of ancient tradition; and one feels inclined to speak with bated breath for fear of disturbing the majestic tragedians of a past time, who look down from their frames with tolerant pity at their successors.

M. Lavoix, in his description of things as they were, goes on to describe Molière, "Déjà sorti de sa loge et prêt à entrer en scène; c'est lui qui fait Alceste." Upon this character M. Lavoix has some interesting remarks. Molière, who may be supposed to have known what he was about with a character of his own creation, and who was an excellent actor of comedy, played the part "de la façon la plus comique." A critic of the time asked whether in the fifth act comic extravagance was not carried a little too far by the actor. Alceste, says M. Lavoix, is a man of a fine character, who, however, becomes ridiculous by his fantastic humour and his uncompromising integrity. Molière showed in him how much virtue lost by extravagance. Alceste was right in his views, but wrong in their expression, and Molière made use of him to tell his audience the plain truth at the expense of the truth-teller. This view of the character has in modern days disappeared, and the *Misanthrope* has become a hero without a touch of ridicule, a change which M. Lavoix laments as a sign that the true spirit of fine comedy is dying. A parallel instance to this is afforded in the history of the English stage by the case of Shylock, who, as is well known, used, until the days of Macklin, to be played as a completely comic character. That this view was right may well be doubted; but it is also an open question whether Shylock should be the completely tragic figure we are now accustomed to; and a paper full of fine criticism, and signed with the well-known initials "J. S.," which appeared not very long ago in *Fraser's Magazine*, pointed out the fallacy of this conception with rare discrimination. The same change which took place in the estimation of Alceste's character happened also with that of Arnolphe in *L'Ecole des Femmes*; partly because Arnolphe is supposed by industrious commentators, who skip about Molière as they do about Shakspeare, to be the embodiment of Molière's own conjugal sufferings, a supposition which M. Lavoix upsets by a simple comparison of dates. The clever writer of *La Première Représentation du Misanthrope*, having given us a sketch of the aspect of the theatre, and said something about Alceste, goes on to give a list of the notable people who were probably present on the first night of the play. Perhaps as many celebrities might be counted nowadays on a first night at the modern Maison de Molière; but new comedies such as *L'Etrangère* or *L'Ami Fritz* do but poorly fill the place of *Le Misanthrope*.

REVIEWS.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA.*

THE charming monographs in which M. Cousin has portrayed so many of the notable women of one of the most interesting periods of French history may perhaps make one fastidious as to supplements added to his series by inferior hands. It is, however, in any case undeniable that good intentions and a good subject do not suffice to produce a good book. Count de Baillon was, most creditably to himself, anxious to repair the neglect in which French biography has hitherto been content to leave the memory of a princess whose misfortunes have a direct claim upon the sympathy of her countrymen, and in whose heroism they have the best reason to take pride. Besides the letters of the Queen, of which a large proportion had already been translated with historical notes by Mrs. Green, while others were made accessible to him in various quarters, he had to aid him the long and careful memoir of Henrietta Maria by the indefatigable Miss Strickland. For illustrative notes of his own, a large and varied literature was at his service, not only in French and English memoirs and diaries, and in the abundant historical literature of and on the Civil War period, but also in other fields—such as that of the English drama, with which the name and influence of Henrietta Maria in more than one way specially connects itself. Finally, he certainly appears deficient neither in a becoming enthusiasm for his subject nor in a certain fairness and moderation of judgment which stand any historical writer in good stead. On the other hand, his style is of the tamest, and is unrelieved except by occasional well-regulated bursts as to what might or might not have been foreseen behind the veil of the future; and he seems to be altogether without that intimate knowledge of the period treated by him which is indispensable to a lifelike monograph. In truth, he adds hardly a fact or an illustration which can lay claim to novelty; and even his inaccuracies, numerous as they are, have that fatal flavour of second-hand which indicates a

* *Henriette-Marie de France, reine d'Angleterre. Étude historique par le Comte de Baillon, suivie de ses lettres inédites. Paris: 1877.*

writer almost incapable even of blundering for himself. Perhaps we might make an exception in favour of the statement that, after the battle of Prague, the electoral dignity and the possession of the Upper Palatinate were conferred by the Emperor upon Charles Lewis, Duke of Bavaria; for the name of the long-lived Maximilian is one we should have thought it difficult for the most elementary student of the history of the Thirty Years' War to miss. But, as a rule, this biographical sketch rarely deviates into originality in its mistakes. One is prepared for a good many cobwebs from a writer who, as Count de Baillon's preface apprises us, still innocently regards the *Eikon Basilike* as the work of Charles I. The introduction to the Memoirs of de Tillières appears to be responsible for the odd version of the Recusancy laws according to which the Catholics had to pay 20*l.* a month, "if indeed the king did not prefer to take two-thirds of their property at once," whereas of course the latter exaction was the penalty for the non-payment of the regular fine. To a very perfunctory account of the *Ilstrionastir* affair is appended a note reviving the old fable about Defoe's having lost his ears; but it is Miss Strickland whom Pope's cynicism originally misled. Of course the old story of Cromwell and Pym's having been stopped by an Order in Council when intending to take ship for America is trustfully repeated. (Why, by-the-by, when it is stated in a note that Pym was born in 1584, and died in 1643, should the text assert of this "épicurien demagogue, sorte de Mirabeau britannique," that "comme le nôtre," he "devait mourir jeune et suspect à tout le monde"?) Of historical criticism or research of any kind this volume displays no trace. What is the use of describing "le shipmoney" at all, if the impost is explained so imperfectly as to be explained wrong? What notion of Laud's ecclesiastical policy is to be derived from the statement that he "essaya de réunir les trois royaumes dans une même religion, qui, par sa forme, se rapprochait du catholicisme"? As for English names, whether personal or topographical, they are misspelt with absolute freedom; thus Harwich becomes Harwick, and Jonson Johnson, and "Watson's history of poetry" is an authority one may or may not suppose to have been consulted at first-hand.

In a word, while from French readers this book may deserve a welcome as the first attempt to give a connected account of its subject, for English students its only value consists in the additional letters of Queen Henrietta Maria which the present collection for the first time includes, and in the republication in their original language of those already published in English by Mrs. Green. It is only right to add that to his English predecessors Count de Baillon renders full justice; but, with the exception of the additional letters, the harvest of *documents nouveaux* on which the preface states the biography to be founded proves an extremely poor one; while of the letters themselves the biography makes but little lifelike use. Of the MS. memoirs of the Père Cyprien de Gamaches, which give an account of the Queen's latter days, Miss Strickland had already largely availed herself.

If the life of the unhappy Queen—*la reine malheureuse*, as she was wont to call and often to sign herself in the dark period of her widowhood—can thus hardly be said to have been rewritten by her most recent biographer, it is one which in his pages or elsewhere cannot be re-read without an acknowledgment of the singular interest it possesses. Not that there is in the life of Henrietta Maria anything mysterious, or that in any of her proceedings (except perhaps in those negotiations in which she was said to have engaged before the King's last flight) anything remains open to doubt. Sincerity of thought and speech was her constant characteristic. Her fidelity to the husband in whose service she toiled is beyond the breath of suspicion or scandal; the rumour of her passion for Lord Jermyn is a discredited slander; nor did her widowhood take an end like that of Elizabeth of Bohemia, who had been as devoted a wife as herself. Not that there is in the character of Henrietta Maria anything complex, anything calling for the slightest effort of analytical subtlety, or even of that candid discrimination between motive and action in default of which her husband's character, for instance, has been so frequently misjudged. Her letters are singularly self-consistent to the last; there is hardly a sentiment or a way of looking at things and men which they fail to repeat again and again. A devout Catholic, she always clung with simple tenacity to what she conceived to be her duty of doing what she could for her fellow-Catholics in England. The promise she had on the eve of her marriage made both to King Louis XIII. and to Pope Urban VIII. to entrust the education and bringing up of her children to none but members of her own faith she was indeed unable to fulfil. The course of events in the end brought home to her the fact that Protestants as well as Catholics deserved her gratitude and good will; she is even said to have gone so far, in the days of her exile at Saint-Germain, as to claim for her Protestant servants the right of praying to God after their own fashion. But for herself she never had a thought of change, and it is touching to observe how often in her letters she commends *les malheureux* (her standing phrase for the English Catholics) to the King's notice or consideration. Her political opinions are similarly self-consistent; an eager upholder of the claims of the Crown, she never ceases to protest on behalf of its dignity, and to remonstrate with the King for yielding this or that of its rights. For a word of political counsel conceived in any other than the *non possumus* sense it would be useless to search these letters. "I am," she writes in October 1642, "very glad to see that all the world begins to reject the notion of an accommodation. This is so feeble and hazardous a step

for you that I cannot think how any one can counsel it, unless gained over by fear or hope." "Certainly," she writes, with a more politic air, in March 1643, "I desire peace more than anybody, and with greater reason, but I first ask that the *perpetuel* Parliament shall be disbanded; after that, all the rest will be easy." "I have received," she says in June of the same year, "your proclamation or declaration, which I wish had not been made, it being extremely disadvantageous for you, for you show too much fear, and do not do what you had resolved upon in the matter." And as with her husband, so with his servants. "Tell Secretary Nicholas," she writes in her liveliest style, "that if I have not written to him for a long while, it is only from want of time and not from want of goodwill. He has two marks on him which I shall never forget; the one that of a good servant of the King, the other that of a delinquent by order of the Parliament. 'I'll go pray for the man of sin that has married the Popish brat of France,' as the preacher said in London." Thus through good and evil fortune, and through good and evil report, she remained true to her opinions and sentiments which formed part of her nature. Had it been less happily constituted, it must have been worn out by petty trials such as many a woman has to undergo who is neither queen nor heroine, before efforts were demanded from her which, though perhaps easier to her to make, have surrounded her name with an historic glory.

No doubt the father in the genial sunshine of whose affections, the first six months of Henrietta Maria's life were passed had given her something of his own gaiety of disposition. She was Henry IV.'s own daughter in outward features, though small and delicate of stature; indeed it is said that at their first meeting King Charles suspected her of having artificially added an inch or two to her shoes, and that she had to convince him of its being unnecessary for her, like Queen Eleanor before Edward Longshanks in Peele's *Chronicle History*, to "stand on tiptoe for a kiss." In her earlier years this gaiety of disposition seemed to critical observers like Mme. de Motteville to argue a deficiency in the opposite quality—"elle avoit dans le caractère plus d'enjouement que de sérieux." In England, after the early difficulties of her married life had passed away, her lightness of heart gratified itself by amusements and pursuits which in happier times might have done much permanently to refine as well as lighten the tone of English Court society. For, as Count de Baillon points out, and as he might easily have shown at greater length, the patronage extended to art of various kinds by Charles and his consort was by no means of a desultory character; and we doubt whether the Court life of Charles, midway as it stands between the vicious immorality of the days of James I. and the gross sensuality of those of Charles II., has, in some respects, many equally pleasing counterparts in the annals of English royalty. Occasionally, to be sure—as in the favour Queen Henrietta Maria seems to have extended to the whimsical fashion (for it was nothing more) of "Platonic love"—she may have been no wiser than "leaders of society" usually are when they run a fancy to death; and even to an unjaundiced and non-Puritan eye, the Queen's love of dancing and masquing may have seemed as inexplicably unending as it often is in inexhaustible little ladies. But there is no trace of anything coarse in her tastes; her life was pure, and in the conjugal harmony between herself and her husband in their happiest days, it needed no flattery to recognize one of those salutary examples which royalty from time to time has the privilege of giving. Thus Shirley speaks of

Truth, and your love of innocence, which shine
So bright in the two royal luminaries
At court.

If Henrietta Maria sinned against a code of morals whose day of ascendancy was at hand, we may be sure that this code would to her have been as absolutely unintelligible as the political standpoint of those *têtes rondes* for whom she is said to have invented the name. To preserve to herself this gaiety through the later trials of her life would have been impossible to any woman; but the Queen's inborn vivacity of spirit never wholly deserted her, and lends animation even to her later letters, of which the following (written, to be sure, at a specially joyous season, even for the widowed woman) may serve as an example in its original form:—

A CHARLES II.

Progers est arrivé lundy au soir; vous pouvés juger de ma joye et, si vous estes desclairés en Angleterre de tendresses, j'en ay ma part en France ausy; je m'en vais à cet instant à Chaillot faire chanter le *Te Deum*, et de là à Paris faire faire nos feux de joye; nous les fismes hier icy. Je crois que j'auray tout Paris; en verité, vous ne sauriez vous imaginer la joye qui y est. Il faut parmy cela louer Dieu; tout ecy est de sa main, vous le pouvés voir. Je ne vous importuneray pas davantage. Dieu vous bénisse! Je vous envoie une lettre de madame de Motteville, que M. de Montague m'a envoyée toute ouverte. Il me mande qu'il l'a fait en resvant. Il en est fort en peine et m'ordonne de la refermer, mais je n'en feray rien; vous lui pardonnerés.

Colombes, ce 9 juin 1660, 5 heures du matin.

What calamities and trials had not this brave woman passed through before this drop of happiness was mingled in her cup of bitterness! Indeed misfortune had, both in great things and small, dogged her footsteps on her path through life. Six months after her birth her father had fallen under the assassin's knife; and so unpopular was the mother who remained to her that she was actually suspected of complicity in the murder. Her childhood was passed in a period of civil strife and discord, and she shared the exile into which Maria de' Medici for a time was relegated. The second period of her life, which begins with her marriage, opened happily like the first; but here again clouds soon obscured

the prospect; nor can there be any doubt but that the most miserable part of Henrietta Maria's career was that of the first years of her union with Charles I.

It is needless to touch again upon the details of the story, to which the present narrative adds nothing new. The conflict was an unequal one; on the one side stood the Queen, armed with the letter of her marriage-contract providing for her French suite and their religious worship; on the other side stood the prejudices of the English nation, naturally alarmed by an arrangement of injudicious liberality, the influence of the all-powerful Buckingham, and the suspicions of the King himself. It is on the last point alone that the present volume helps to throw some further light; for it is clear that, long after the restoration of happy relations between the pair, and in the very midst of the Queen's exertions on his behalf during the Civil War, she was tormented by a desire to satisfy the doubts which had arisen in him, or which she believed had arisen in him, as to her doings. See the letter dated September 19, 1642, beginning:—

Mon cher cœur,

Je ne puis m'empêcher de vous despescher un exprès, pour vous rendre compte de mes actions icy, m'apercevant bien que l'on veut jeter sur moy beaucoup de choses que je ne mérite pas, et en mesme temps marquer ce que de justice je devrois avoir—

and ending:—

Je vous demande pardon de cette longue lettre; mais mon cœur en est soulagé, lequel n'estoit pas capable de supporter cette pesanteur longtemps, car j'ayoue que je me pensois la plus malheureuse créature du monde, après vous, car toujours ma reputation me demeura parmy les honnestes gens et la vostre est perdue! Dieu me fasse un mauvais prophète, et vous assiste, et moy aussi.

Elsewhere too—in a letter dated December 23, 1644—there is an uneasy tone, which however, to judge from the King's reply, seems in this instance founded on a misconception. The nature of Charles I. was not like Henrietta Maria's, an open one, and there can be no doubt that she chose the wiser part in abandoning any attempt to break it, though Mr. Gardiner, in his account of a crisis in the struggle, judges rather harshly in surmising that "the Queen had perhaps begun to open her eyes to the truth that, with such a character as Charles's, the outward appearance of complete and unreasoning obedience is the surest way to mastery in the end."

Of the Queen's efforts on behalf of the King and his cause during the Civil War, of her sufferings and endurance by land and sea (by which latter element she was treated with persevering inhospitality), of her campaign as "sa majesté généralissime" in 1643, which so roused the enthusiasm of the Cavaliers and caused Mme. de Motteville to shrug her critical shoulders, and of her bitter days of exile, the well-known story needs no comment. Her fragile frame, though worn by sicknesses and hardships, some of the severest of which had to be undergone during pregnancy, proved equal to the tasks imposed upon it by her unquenchable spirit. But her fresh and bright beauty, to which the frontispiece of this volume does full justice, was early wasted, and Mme. de Motteville describes her on her arrival in France in 1644 with the cruel fidelity of a candid friend, adding that

Comme sa beauté n'avoit duré que l'espace d'un matin et l'avoit quittée avant midi, elle avoit accoutumé de maintenir que les femmes ne peuvent plus être belles passé vingt-deux ans. . . . Son tempérament étoit tourné du côté de la gaieté, et, parmi les larmes, s'il arrivoit de dire quelque chose de plaisant, elle les arrêtoit en quelque façon, pour divertir la compagnie.

Her death, which took place in 1669, in her retreat at Colombes, was thought to have been brought about by a dose of opium, which she had at first refused to take, remembering a warning on the subject by Sir Theodore Mayerne, the physician to whom King Charles had once written in anguish, "Mayerne, for the love of me, go to my wife!"

REVISED ENGLISH BIBLE.*

THE history of this revised edition of the Canonical Scriptures (for the Apocrypha finds no place in it) is given us in a preface only two or three pages long, which bears the signature "J. G.", and the date of Westminster, May 1877. This volume, we are informed, is the completion of a work begun sixteen years ago, which was in some measure carried into effect by the publication in parts (1868-71) of a quarto Bible, containing within brackets in the text what were regarded as the more important emendations required in the Authorized Version. Since this plan of inserting alternative renderings within brackets in the text was sure to annoy the intelligent reader and to confuse the unlearned, we cannot wonder that they now occupy a place in the body of the version, which, so far as they extend, must now be regarded as a new one. Its preparation has been entrusted to four persons, whose names as scholars are not, we believe, very widely known; the Rev. Dr. F. W. Gotch revising the Pentateuch; the late Rev. Dr. Benjamin Davies the remainder of the Old Testament; the New has been divided between Dr. Jacob, late Head-Master of Christ's Hospital, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Green.

* The Holy Bible according to the Authorized Version. Compared with the Hebrew and Greek Texts, and Carefully Revised; arranged in Paragraphs and Sections; with Supplementary Notes to Parallel and Illustrative Passages, Chronological Tables, and Maps. London: Printed for the Editor by G. E. Eyre & William Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen. 1877.

It is evident that an undertaking like the present must be largely influenced in many ways by that comprehensive scheme for a revision of the whole English Bible which was adopted by the Convocation of the province of Canterbury on the motion of the late Bishop Wilberforce in February 1870, at a period when the first edition of this work was yet appearing in parts. While unquestionably impairing the permanent value of "J. G.'s" labours, the interest excited in the general subject may very well have stimulated their immediate sale. Throughout the seven years that have intervened, fifty men of widely different characters, habits, and religious communions, all of whom have made the Bible the special study of their lives, have been diligently engaged in the Jerusalem Chamber within Westminster Abbey on the great work of revision, which the communicated reports of the progress thus far made give us every reason for believing will be completed in all its essential parts within the next three years. Hence the question naturally arises as to the relation which this volume is designed to bear to the more formal work now in progress, no part of which has hitherto been made public; and this question is frankly and not unsatisfactorily answered by the editor:—

This work does not profess to be such a complete revision of the Authorized Version as the English-speaking world will in due time receive from the two learned and able Companies of Revisers, who are known to be zealously and harmoniously working together for the production of a book which may, sooner or later, take the place of that which has been for more than two centuries the loved and honoured English Bible. Such a thorough and perfect revision as shall accord with the present advanced state of Hebrew and Greek scholarship will probably require a greater extent of alteration, minute as well as important, than English readers unacquainted with the original languages will be prepared to receive, except from a body of competent scholars possessing a weight of authority at least equal to that of the Translators to whom we owe our present version. The design of the present work, so far as regards the revision, is to correct what may be considered indisputable errors and inadequate renderings in our present English Bible; and in the New Testament to give also the more important emendations of the text which have been adopted by the best editors of the Greek Testament.

All this is precise enough. The Bible edited by "J. G." of Westminster is partial, tentative, designed to answer a temporary purpose, and that no doubt a very useful one. The Revision now being executed under the sanction of Convocation, whensoever it shall appear, is sure to be received with alarm more or less assumed by prejudiced and (we are ashamed to be obliged to add) by interested parties; it cannot fail to perplex and disquiet multitudes of worthy but ill-instructed Christians, who, in their constant and devout reading of the English Bible, have forgotten or perhaps have never quite known that it is but a translation from ancient languages, now no longer vernacular. An honest attempt to accustom people's minds to changes which will at first be strange and unwelcome to them cannot fail to recommend itself to judicious critics; and the very nature of the work will forbid our imputing to it as a fault any defects in the way of omission which are not very palpable, or which do not concern matters of great importance.

Our chief complaint against this edition is of another description. We doubt exceedingly whether all the emendations it contains can fairly be regarded as "indisputable," even in a very limited or popular acceptance of that word. Since this tendency to needless innovation is far more observable in the New Testament than in the Old, it is proper to explain our objection in some detail. The editor's aim and purpose, as stated in his preface, is all that can be desired:—

With regard to the diction and the choice of words in this Revision, it was felt that more than ordinary care was needed lest the charms of style and language of our highly venerated Version should be impaired. Hence (1) the peculiar rhythm of the language of our English Bible has been as far as possible preserved; and, to secure this, sometimes a certain amount of literal accuracy of translation has been sacrificed by allowing expressions to remain for which a more verbally exact, but less harmonious, rendering might have been substituted. And (2) all words of a modern stamp have been, as a rule, excluded, only such being used as are found elsewhere in our Version, or in one of the earlier English translations, or in good English writers not later than the beginning of the seventeenth century. . . . Words which have become obsolete or have ceased to be understood in the sense in which they were formerly used, have been exchanged for others in present use.

This is very well, and, in a revision executed on such principles, firmly and consistently carried out, an unlearned hearer might listen to whole paragraphs of Scripture read aloud in the course of public or family worship without so much as suspecting that it is not the familiar language of his own dear Bible, the Bible of his youth, which is falling upon his well-accustomed ears. No translation that accomplishes less than this will stand a chance either of immediate acceptance or of permanent life in England; modern forms of speech, in themselves seemly or innocuous, must find a place in the sacred text only when they are inevitable. Thus, for example, few would wish to retain in 2 Cor. viii. 1 the not very elegant archaism, which came in with Tyndale (1526), "We do you to wit," when "make known to you" is more intelligible and quite as faithful to the sense; although we may feel a little reluctance in parting with "earring" for the editor's "ploughing" in Gen. xlv. 6, and the other four places wherein that good old word occurs; but against some other instances of change of this kind we entertain insuperable objections. Why should "the Holy Ghost," embalmed as the term is in our Book of Common Prayer and our best theological literature, be utterly banished from the Bible, even from the capital passage Matt. xxviii. 19? It is true that the Authorized Version never uses the Saxon word "Ghost" alone, and often employs its Latin equivalent "Spirit," even with the ad-

jective "Holy"; but then "J. G." doubts as little as we do that the two appellations are precisely identical in meaning, and he has elsewhere exhibited no compliance with the pedantic affectation of always rendering the same Greek by the same English word, where there is nothing to gain by so doing either in the way of perspicuity or of logical sequence. Another of his gratuitous emendations does not occur occasionally, like that just indicated, but meets us, to our disgust, in almost every sentence; we refer to the constant substitution of the relative "who" for "which" whenever the antecedent is a person. No one who has not tried the experiment can imagine the pernicious effect of this wanton change upon the tone and rhythm of the version when read aloud. Our American brethren, who, when their Service-Book was compiled after their Revolution, were tolerably unversed in our classical writers of the elder type, began the Lord's Prayer with the words "Our Father who art in heaven," in spite of the unmusical hiatus which it involved; and those who derive their notions of English grammar from Lindley Murray, and we fear that we must add even from Bishop Lowth, may be pardonably ignorant that "which" is as much a masculine or feminine form as a neuter one; "J. G." must know better, and thus is the less excusable. But here, again, we admit that passages sometimes occur where the use of "which" renders the true antecedent possibly ambiguous, and in such cases it is the plain duty of a translator to substitute "who"; but to change such an expression as "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves" into "There is a lad here who hath," &c., is certainly not to act upon the wholesome rule of "preserving as far as possible the peculiar rhythm of the language of our English Bible." Other examples of our editor's neglect to practise his own laws might be given in endless profusion, none being more offensive than the attempt to render closely the Greek μέλλω in such places as John vi. 6, "for he himself knew what he was about to do," where, of course, our racy English phrase "would do" is to the full as exact, and sufficiently emphatic. Blemishes of this nature, inconsiderable as they may appear in themselves, will go far to frustrate the purpose of the well-meaning editor, and will hardly do much to prepare the way for that more elaborate version which we hope and trust will prove free from them.

In the revision of the Old Testament the common Hebrew text has been wisely adhered to, not, however, without some judicious exceptions which may be noticed here and there. Whatever we may think of the variations contained in the ancient versions, especially in the Septuagint, "sufficient materials do not exist at present for a satisfactory revision of the text" (p. iii.). In the New Testament, as is well known, the matter is far otherwise, and a flood of light has been thrown upon the criticism of that volume such as no one who attempts to revise our Authorized Version would venture to close his eyes to. The editor does not write as if he had much knowledge of this branch of the subject, inasmuch as among collators of ancient manuscripts and versions he names, together with Tischendorf and Tregelles, the illustrious Lachmann, whose services in this field were of quite another character. Neither he nor those who undertook the Greek Testament for him seem to have heard of Canon Westcott's and Dr. Hort's Greek Testament, which, though yet incomplete and unpublished, has been freely circulated for years past among biblical scholars, and has been largely referred to by Mr. McClellan in his elaborate and important "New Testament, Vol. I.," which we reviewed some time ago. "J. G." and his fellow-labourers might have learned a great deal worth knowing from a very slight acquaintance with Westcott's and Hort's book; for scholars of their calibre instruct us almost as much when they go wrong as when we are able to acquiesce in their more sober conclusions. As it is, the critical knowledge displayed in this *Revised English Bible* looks a little antiquated, and is a good ten years in arrear, although it is discriminating and safe so far as it goes. On the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel it is simply noted in the margin, "Some texts omit vers. 9-20," and, after Dean Burgon's powerful vindication of their authenticity, such a note is amply sufficient. The paragraph John vii. 53-viii. 11 is included within brackets—an arrangement exactly meeting the case, for it seems equally certain that it is a genuine portion of Holy Writ as that it is out of its place here; perhaps, with some authorities, we should annex it to the 21st chapter of St. Luke. The interpolated passage 1 John v. 7 is of course rejected, though given in the margin. In Acts xx. 28 the received reading "the church of God, which," &c., is retained, with the marginal note, "Some texts have of the Lord"; and in spite of Professor Ezra Abbott's recent monograph on the text, overflowing though it does with exact erudition, we are not disposed to disturb it. On the other hand, in the equally celebrated verse 1 Tim. iii. 16, "God was manifest in the flesh," this Bible reads "even He who was manifested, &c.," in the text, with "God" in the margin; and we cannot deny that there is good, though not overpowering, evidence for this considerable change. It would only have been fair under the circumstances to indicate in the margin the omission of that weighty and important passage, Luke xxii. 43, 44, in a few very ancient manuscripts, though we entertain not the faintest doubt of its authenticity; and some less important passages, such as Matt. xvi. 2, 3, might well have been noted in the same way. The doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer, Matt. vi. 13, is actually set within brackets, with the marginal statement that the best authorities omit it. Of other variations unaccountably passed by in this edition none is more considerable than that in John i. 18, where for "the only begotten Son" a host of copies exhibit, however untruly, "God only begotten."

Our readers will best be able to form some estimate of the merits of this work if we append to these general observations the renderings, whether for better or for worse, of some of the hardest or most interesting passages of Holy Scripture. And, first, to commend the revisers for what they have left untouched, we are glad to observe that primary places, such as Gen. xlix. 10 and Hagg. ii. 7, stand as in our common Bibles. In the latter verse indeed, for "the desire of all nations" is given in the margin what we must call the impossible alternative, "or, the treasure of, &c." But this is better treatment than was promised by Bishop Thirlwall, who, with that grim humour which was as characteristic of him as even his mighty scholarship or his severe logic, was pleased to pick out this verse in Haggai as one wherein people who most desired a revised Bible might find themselves deprived of their favourite texts. Where change has been manifestly needed it has been applied for the most part, in our judgment, with adequate skill and discretion. The book of Job is to students of Hebrew a very Ulysses' bow. Its translators are legion; but even after the illustrations drawn from the Arabic and its kindred tongues by Albert Schultens and his school, much remains to be done which will test the capacity of those that put their hand to the task. Dr. Davies has evidently not been idle here. We take one or two specimens almost at random:—

Let them curse it [*i.e.* the night] that curse the day.

Who are ready to raise up their mourning.—Job iii. 8. Authorized Vers.

For "their mourning," which rests on no sort of authority, the margin reads "Or *leviathan*," the crocodile of ch. xli, the emblem of the powers of darkness, the old serpent. The charmers, professed servants of the Evil One, are invited to curse both the day and night of the patriarch's birth. Davies's version runs well enough:—

Who are skilful to rouse the dragon.

In Job xiii. 15 (as in the margin of Isai. ix. 3 and elsewhere somewhat rarely) the Hebrew text (*Chetiv*) is forsaken for the margin (*Keri*), with the sanction in this instance of the Chaldee Targum, the Septuagint (Vatican, but not Alexandrian text), the Syriac, Vulgate, and Authorized English versions. This last renders Job's noble speech:—

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

Davies aims at being more literal:—

Lo, he slayeth me, but in him I hope (margin. Or I have no hope [*Chetiv*]).

But both verbs are in the same tense, and are hypothetic futures, as the accent indicates:—

Lo, should he slay me, I would wait for him.

In that grand confession of faith in the resurrection of the body contained in Job xix. 25-7 this Revised Bible is pretty satisfactory on the whole:—

²⁵ And as for me, I know that my Redeemer (or *Atrenger*) liveth

And will hereafter stand upon the earth;

²⁶ And after this my skin hath been destroyed,

Even from (or without) my flesh shall I see God

²⁷ Whom I for myself shall see,

And mine eye shall behold, and not a stranger;

My reins are consumed within me.

Yet the word translated "hereafter" (ver. 25) is an adjective, not an adverb, and is properly rendered "the last" in Isai. xlv. 6; xlviii. 12. Dr. Davies's translation of the first member of ver. 26 is really impossible, as a glance at the original will show at once. The Authorized text (its margin cannot be heard of here) is far better. "And though after my skin *worms* destroy this body," the supplying of *body* being justified by ch. xvii. 8 (Heb.) and even "*worms*" being a bold, though not an inappropriate, insertion (compare ch. vii. 5; xvii. 14). Yet it were far preferable to have retained that indefinite third person plural of the original ("they have destroyed") wherewith the sacred writers sometimes envelop the subject of their sentence, as in Luke xii. 20 and xvi. 9, with an air of solemn reserve. In the next clause "from my flesh" means the same thing as the less literal "in my flesh" of the Authorized and the Latin Vulgate; "without" of the margin (*privé de ma chair*, Renan) is harsh in construction, and to the last degree improbable.

We will now subjoin a few passages, all of them taken from the New Testament, in regard to which our judgment dissents more or less from the renderings given in this Revised Bible:—

Matt. vi. 27. And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature?

The margin adds, "or, more probably, unto his lifetime." We only wish that good Greek authority could be found for the marginal sense, in itself so plausible.

Matt. xiv. 26. They were troubled, saying, It is a spirit.

Not even with the marginal gloss, "Gr. a *phantom* or an *apparition*," dare we translate φάντασμα as if it were πνεῦμα.

Luke ii. 49. Knew ye not that I must be in my Father's house?

The very harmless archaism *Wist ye not* might as well have been retained; and, however tempting at first sight this rendering of ἐν τοῖς τοῦ πατρὸς μου—in spite, too, of such passages as Esther vii. 9 (Septuagint) ἐν τοῖς Ἀμάρ—we doubt not that the Authorized Version (retained also in the margin of "J. G.'s" book) is at once more natural, and, as Mr. McClellan acutely observes, more in harmony with a profound and mysterious utterance which was not understood at the time (v. 50).

John i. 9. The true Light, which enlighteneth every man, was coming into the world.

If *ἦν* and *ἐρχόμενον* were designed to comprise a kind of resolved imperfect tense, a construction not at all in this Evangelist's manner, it is inconceivable that they should be separated by no less than six words. Since the Authorized version would require the article before *ἐρχόμενον*, translate rather (retaining ambiguity of the Greek):—

That was the true light, which lighteth every man, coming into the world.

James iv. 5. Or do ye think that the Scripture saith in vain, The spirit that he made to dwell in us jealously desireth us?

But where does the Scripture say anything of the sort, or what is the meaning of its alleged saying? The reviser has justly recognized the various reading *κατέκρινεν* in the place of *κατέκρινεν*, and the difficulty about the imaginary citation may perhaps best be met by regarding both clauses of this obscure verse as separate interrogatives:—

Or think ye that the Scripture speaketh in vain?

Doth the spirit that he made to dwell in us long even to envy?

The arrangement of the sacred text into paragraphs, each introduced by a heading or summary of contents; the references to parallel and illustrative texts; and the chronological tables and maps which are annexed to this edition, demand of us no special notice. This volume, as proceeding from the Queen's Printer's office, is, of course, beautifully put out of hand; and we only hope that in producing a work professedly for temporary and occasional purposes the enterprising editor may not verify poor Mr. Mortimer Collins's experience—that of all who have a pecuniary interest in a publication, the paper-maker usually gets the largest profit, the author the smallest.

STOCKPORT.*

STOCKPORT is an unpromising theme for the historian. Like most of the towns of South-East Lancashire and its borders, it is the creation of the cotton manufacture, and that, in its turn, is little more than a hundred years old. The past of all these places, where they have any past at all, is obscure and insignificant; almost without incidents, and entirely without the interest which any touch or trace of antiquity gives. Excepting Manchester, Preston, and Clitheroe, which have a few baronial, ecclesiastical, and manorial records and recollections extending back to the Conquest or near it, the cotton towns of the district of which Manchester is the capital have almost less to recommend them to the notice of the antiquary than many of the older settlements of the New England States. Their real history, in truth, began a good while later. Mr. Heginbotham reminds us that in 1086 there were only 11,475 people in the two counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, whilst at the census of 1871 this number had increased to the astonishing total of 3,380,035. It is more to the purpose to observe, however, that in Lancashire this growth has taken place within the last century and a half, and by far the largest part of it since the beginning of the present century. There is every reason to believe that at the close of the reign of Queen Anne there were not five places in the county containing more than five thousand inhabitants. Manchester, we know, on the authority of Stukeley's *Itinerarium Curiosum*, published in 1724, was simply "a busy village," containing about two thousand four hundred families, or, say, ten thousand people. As late as 1773 its population, added to that of Salford, was only 27,250. It is now over 460,000, with a suburban community of 150,000 more, who are only not a part of it in an official sense as not being under the same municipal government. In like manner the population of Lancashire has increased from 673,000 in 1801 to over two millions and a half at the present time. Within the same period fifty or sixty hamlets have become large and populous towns. From all this it follows that the history of the places which have risen to prominence must of necessity be mainly a record of industrial progress, and that the annals of each and all have an uninviting sameness. Not in them must be sought the traditional legend, the reminiscences of old customs, the folklore of a long-settled race. The story is one of new things, somewhat sombre, decidedly monotonous, and impressive only when viewed as a whole. There is a trace of the picturesque, it is true, in the struggles of the early inventors and the founders of the great cotton manufacturing industry, of the undeserved misfortunes and poverty of some, and the extraordinary wealth made by others. The evolution, too, of one invention after another, the gradual perfecting of the complicated and splendid machinery which finally gave Lancashire the mastery in the manipulation of an alien and exotic fibre, and enabled her to clothe a great part of the world, must always have a fascination for some minds. But for the most part the history of a Lancashire cotton town is a tame affair. Its only subjects are the resistless march of the bricklayer and the builder of factories, the never-ending disputes between workmen and masters, the distress caused by strikes, riots, and bad legislation, and the slow growth of municipal, sanitary, and social order.

Stockport differs in no essential particular from the towns which grew contemporaneously with it. Mr. Heginbotham's attempt at an "ancient" history is a mistake. All that can be said about Stockport as it was previously to the eighteenth century could have been told in half a dozen of his ample pages, and even then the

scanty information would have been expanded beyond its intrinsic importance, certainly beyond its value relatively to the Stockport of to-day. In default of genuine material, we have a history of England in little, in which Stockport's contribution to the national annals, like Falstaff's halfpennyworth of bread, appears absurdly small. In Roman times Stockport was the site of a small outpost fort which guarded the ford of the Mersey at this point; and it was the converging centre of four roads—one from Manchester, another leading to Buxton, a third to Melandra Castle in Derbyshire, near the present town of Glossop, and a fourth to Castle Shaw in Saddleworth. The place seems to have been simply a small military station. Dense forests stretched around it on every side. The Saxons built a castle on the site of the fort; the Normans rebuilt it. It was held by the Earls of Chester down to 1327, after which date there is no mention of it until the time of the Civil War, when it was demolished. Of Stockport as an inhabited place during all these years we learn nothing from Mr. Heginbotham's book, except what we may gather inferentially from the fact that a charter for the holding of a market and fair was granted to Sir Robert de Stokeport in 1260, and that during the Civil War the Parliamentary Colonel Duckenfield made it his headquarters. He was routed in May 1644 by Prince Rupert, who took "the town," only to leave it again in a few days. A free grammar school was founded in 1482 by Sir Edmund Shaw and the Goldsmiths' Company of London, and the parish church, close by the site of the old castle, was in existence at a still earlier period. Mr. Heginbotham, strangely enough, makes no mention of either in this "General History," and we must await a further instalment of his book before the circumstances of their foundation can be cited as evidence of the existence of any considerable population in their neighbourhood.

The real history of Stockport begins in the eighteenth century. Placed picturesquely at the junction of the rivers Goyt and Tame, which make, and thenceforward take the name of, the Mersey, and consequently possessed of abundant water-power, it was natural that a place so near Manchester should become one of the chosen seats of an industry which the inventions of Kay, Cartwright, and Crompton were developing with unwonted rapidity in that corner of the country. The winding and throwing of silk had previously obtained a footing here, Stockport being the first place after Derby where silk mills on the Italian principle were erected; but this occupation was entirely abandoned for the spinning, doubling, and weaving of cotton and the printing of calicoes, in all which departments of the manufacture and manipulation of cotton the town assumed a prominent position. At Stockport the Mersey is narrow and rapid, and passes through something like a gorge, on the steep slopes of which the shops and dwellings of the inhabitants are built, whilst factories and bleaching works of huge dimensions fill the bottom of the valley and line the river on either side for a distance of two or three miles. The prosperity of the place, however, has by no means been equal to the almost unsurpassed natural advantages of its situation. The reason is to be found in the narrative of the successive disputes between employers and employed which fill the last forty pages of Mr. Heginbotham's "General History." It is one long and painful story of ignorance, credulity, and passion, culminating continually in violence and riot, and on one occasion in a Trade-Union assassination of peculiar atrocity. The earliest manifestations were directed against new inventions and improvements in machinery, and between 1810 and 1820 there were many instances of wreckage and destruction. About 1820 these purely trade outrages became complicated with political discontent, caused by commercial distress and bad legislation. Subsequently it was mainly a question of wages, but in few cases was a settlement arrived at without a recourse to physical force demonstrations, damage to property, and breaches of the peace. Most of these disputes extended over a wide area; in the so-called Plug Riots of 1840 every engine within fifty miles of Manchester was stopped; but Stockport appears to have been exceptionally affected. It is somewhat singular that the two cotton towns which have been most distinguished for the frequency, duration, and bitterness of their strikes should be Preston and Stockport, the one the most northerly, the other at the southernmost extremity of the cotton manufacturing district; and when the bearing of strikes upon the cotton industry comes to be considered by some competent inquirer, the circumstances of these two places will demand and reward his most careful attention. Mr. Heginbotham observes that Stockport has been the battle-ground upon which many of the disputes in the cotton trade have been fought, and he is of opinion that the ill-feeling engendered during the strike of 1828-9, in the course of which the Riot Act was read, the military called out, and many persons were seriously wounded, has to this day damaged the town in the estimation of capitalists. It is certain that since 1841 the population and general progress of Stockport have been almost stationary; in one decade, if we mistake not, there was an actual retrogression; and this, too, in the face of a large increase in all the other towns of the cotton district and the immense development of the railway facilities of the place itself. Mr. Heginbotham bears witness to a better state of feeling between masters and workmen since the cotton famine of 1861-4, but we apprehend that the trade of the place will long feel the effect of the disastrous ignorance of the laws of political economy in the past. Noteworthy is the fact that almost alone among the cotton towns the operatives of Stockport have taken no part in the remarkable movement which during the last few years has transferred so large a share of the spinning and weaving of the district

* *Stockport, Ancient and Modern*. By Henry Heginbotham. Part I. *General History*. London: Sampson Low & Co. and Rivington. 1877.

from individual capitalists into the hands of co-operative and joint-stock Companies. Mr. Heginbotham may perhaps be able to throw some light upon this subject when he comes to deal with the manufactures of the town; at present it is not within our power to account for a circumstance which argues either lack of enterprise on the part of the operatives of Stockport or a peculiarity in the manufacture carried on there which does not exist elsewhere.

It would be premature to venture a decisive opinion upon the merits of Mr. Heginbotham's book. The present instalment is the first of the five of which the work is to consist. The author's industry is unquestionable, but it is not combined with critical sagacity or literary tact and judgment, and his style is the reverse of lively. Our impression is that the materials are too scanty and unimportant to justify an undertaking upon a scale so ambitious. The too probable result must be the production of a piece of book-making which will prove wearisome even to the most ardent admirers of the town.

THE RECTOR OF OXBURY.*

THE dulness of the ordinary novelist is mostly due to his rashness in attempting to write about persons and scenes of which he can at best have but a second-hand knowledge. He knows nothing of murderers, and, if that were possible, still less of dukes; but of dukes and murderers he will write. Likely enough he has never had any greater experience of the criminal class than is gained by a man who in a crowd, without his being aware of it, has had his pocket picked of a handkerchief; while, as for people of rank, he may never have come across any one with a higher title than the wife of some alderman who was fortunate enough, in the year when he was sheriff, to give a great dinner and to win knighthood as his reward. He has therefore, as neither dukes nor murderers will sit to him in their own persons, to go to other writers and to copy them. But these writers in their turn, likely enough, have never come nearer their originals than he had, but have been copyers themselves. By the time therefore that the portraits are laid before the public they are like nothing that has ever existed in any period of the world's history. They most certainly are not taken from nature, for, as we have said, it is nature that the artist has never had a chance of studying. Nor, on the other hand, are they works of imagination; for even if he has some slight portion of imagination, it has never entered his mind that in the character of a duke, and scarcely even in that of a murderer, could he go a hair's-breadth beyond what is conventional. They are likest perhaps to those copies of heads which, at a great expense of time and labour, young ladies learn to produce under the guidance of their drawing-master, and which, when at length finished, are more worthless even than the cheap lithograph from which they are copied. But just as we feel some indulgence towards youthful artists, however unskilled they may be, who go to nature and honestly attempt to draw what they have themselves seen, so we are never disposed to be severe in our criticisms of a novelist who keeps well within scenes with which in all likelihood he is altogether at home. He may not show any great amount of skill, but yet, so diversified are the characters of men and women, and so countless are the curious little cliques into which they fall, he will perhaps win his readers' interest by introducing them to a mode of life with which they were before entirely unacquainted.

Such merit as this is due to Mr. Baynard, the author of *The Rector of Oxbury*. He has no great skill as a writer, and where he attempts to be dramatic he too often fails, as we shall presently show. Yet he does not try to fly a higher flight than a modest writer might properly venture on. He deals with those tradespeople of a country town who were members of a certain Dissenting congregation, and with their unfortunate minister, the Rev. Philip Holland. A baronet does, indeed, appear in a letter like a *deus ex machina*, but it is in a letter. The only thing that is like affectation in the story is its title; for it is not the Rector of Oxbury, but the Dissenting minister of the town, who is the real hero of the story, and who should therefore have given his name to the book. The author, in his love for the Church and his dislike for Dissent, could not perhaps make up his mind to give even that countenance to Dissent which a title to a novel might afford. Yet we think that by a well-selected title he might have better shown what it is the purpose of his story to teach, and at the same time have satisfied his love for the Church. Why should he not have called his book "From Thorns to Roses, or From a Chapel-House to a Parsonage"? For it is, indeed, such a story as a man might write who was only too intimately acquainted with all the vexations that must too often belong to the life of a minister who is dependent on the caprices of an ignorant congregation, and who has too lately fled from it to his refuge in the Church to be aware that there also vexations enough are to be found. The author, indeed, shows such a minute acquaintance with all the petty doings of a small congregation of Dissenters, and is so much at home with all the troubles that belong to its minister, and the annoyances that can be inflicted on him, that we shall not perhaps be doing him an injustice by assuming that, to some extent at least, he is telling the story of his own life. On the other hand, he paints the life of a clergyman of the Estab-

lished Church in such glowing colours that we can scarcely think that in this matter he is writing with a knowledge based on the experience of many years. The Southern sky is of so deep a blue that, to those who on a cloudless day first see the shores of the Mediterranean, it seems as if it could never be gray.

Miseri quibus
Intentata nites—

many a poor curate with a large family to support might, perhaps, in his impatience at times exclaim to the Church in which his stipend is so small and his preferment so long delayed. But the author may possibly justify his title on quite different grounds. There are those who would define a hero as a man who gets married at the close of a third volume. If this definition is correct—and its general truth we are quite ready to admit—there is no doubt that it is the rector, and not the minister, who is the hero of this story, for the latter gets married almost as near the beginning of the story as the former towards the end. But, on the other hand, Mr. Baynard is so unskilled in love-making that, though he makes his would-be hero all that a rector should be—young, wealthy, a Fellow of his College, a sound churchman, and a man who was "favourably known as the author of several dissertations and works of reference"—and though his heroine is a most beautiful girl of eighteen, with a musical voice, dark eyes, and the name of Violet, yet the reader is quite indifferent to the end whether they marry or not. In the last chapter, the night before the wedding, the Rector is one of the crew of a lifeboat launched on a most dangerous expedition. The reader of course cannot in the least tell whether he will be allowed to return in triumph, or whether he will be killed off, as far too many heroes nowadays are. He inclines, indeed, to the opinion that Mr. Baynard's respect for the Church will scarcely allow him to drown a man who has just received preferment worth a thousand a year. He is, however, only in the slightest degree interested in the matter, and with perfect calmness of mind awaits the issue. The Rector, therefore, in spite of his marrying in the heroic period of the story, clearly is not the hero. Besides, who can take an interest in a young lady, in spite of her dark eyes, her musical voice, and her name of Violet, who is such a goose as to begin with refusing a man with whom she was in love because her sister had married the Dissenting minister in his parish? It was in vain that he met her objections, and asserted that he had loved her ever since the day he first saw her. "I fervently thank you for saying so," she replied, "but I cannot and will not be your wife. Have you considered, for one thing, that my sister has married the Dissenting minister in the parish?" Young ladies may be very silly, and, indeed, at times are very silly, both in real life and in stories; but even one of Miss Yonge's heroines could hardly do such a silly thing as this. The difficulty, however, seems to our author so great that, as the only way of getting the young people out of it, he is forced to invent a baronet with a good living to give away. This baronet, by chance, had once heard the Rector preach at a seaside church, and was so struck with his sermon that, on the lucky death of the holder of the living, he at once offered it to him. All difficulties are at once removed, and the silly young woman at last gets married.

The real and sole interest of the story lies, as we have implied, in the description given of the relations existing between the Dissenting minister and his congregation. The picture, no doubt, is overdrawn, but there is most certainly only too much truth in what the author says. It may be a wise rule which makes the income of teachers depend to a great extent on the opinion formed of them by those whom they teach. But if we are to have teachers of morality, it is difficult to see how they can do their duty as it ought to be done if those whom they are to cure of their faults are to be their sole paymasters. Pure theology, for all we can see, presents no great difficulty, for most men can listen by the hour to sermons on free-will, predestination, grace, and the eternity of punishment, without their personal interests being in any way touched. But when morality comes in, it becomes a very different question. Yet let not the uneasy Dissenting minister be misled by Mr. Baynard, and think that in the Church there are baronets with good livings to give away listening to every chance sermon. Let him not think that when a rector gets a good living his curate will at once succeed him in the rectory that he vacates, and marry the young lady to whom he has been long engaged. All the parsons flourish in this story like so many green bay-trees; but the author, going beyond what is advisable in a novel, does himself supply a column of statistics by which it will be seen that there are many hundred incumbencies below a hundred a year. His statistics, however, will be forgotten by his reader, while the baronet and "the living of one thousand pounds per annum nett, with two other livings in the gift of the vicar," will cling to the memory.

In the descriptions given of the members of Mr. Holland's congregation, though there is often a good deal of liveliness, there is, as we have said before, a great want of dramatic power. The speeches which they utter are in character for a line or two, and then the author himself too often speaks out in his own person. For instance, he makes one of the leading members, who was an ironmonger, keep a diary. Now there is no reason in the nature of things why a Dissenting ironmonger of middle age should not keep a diary; but is it at all likely that he would write in a style which shows that he must have been well read in modern

* *The Rector of Oxbury*. A Novel. By James B. Baynard. 3 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1877.

novels? Do shopkeepers in country towns thus express themselves?—

Under the happiest conditions it is not, I think, easy to preach a really good sermon; and considering the terrible ordeal through which he is passing, I judged it an impossibility this morning.

He began very quietly, not the slightest agitation being apparent during what we call the introductory service. Every ear was strained to detect a tremor in the inflexions of his voice, but it was firm and assured; and by the time he had finished his prayer I had, in some subtle, mysterious way, become aware that he was going to startle and rouse us all. A breathless silence reigned throughout the chapel; every one seemed to feel that a momentous crisis had come.

The author himself is so fond of big words that he cannot refuse them, it would seem, even to his ironmonger. We read of a sermon "that was to inaugurate Mr. Holland's ministry," while a meal which was at first called a supper becomes in a page or two a symposium, and ends as a banquet. A young couple on the eve of their marriage pay certain "localities a valedictory visit"; while, on another occasion, a man, we are told, "was listening to certain oburgatory sounds in a stable hard by." A minister who denounced all denominations but his own has his sermons called "meretricious diatribes." It is idle, perhaps, to go on raising one's voice against "mutual friends," at least in criticizing a novel, for it is scarcely reasonable to judge novelists' English by the standard which one might apply to a sermon, for instance.

We must not, however, conclude our notice of this book with an unfavourable criticism. Those who do not look too much for a story in the novels that they read, but are content with getting a picture of a kind of life with which in all likelihood they are unfamiliar, will read the *Rector of Oxbury* with some interest.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—DOMESTIC SERIES.*

NOTHING has been wanting, as far as we can see, on Mrs. Green's part in order to produce this volume of State Papers in as accurate and complete a manner as those that have preceded it. But it is impossible to galvanize into life such mere minutes of the day's proceedings of the Council of State as make up the bulk of the work. We do not profess to understand, nor has Mrs. Green offered any explanation of, the extremely awkward division of volumes which she has adopted. The second Council of State ended February 15, 1651, and if the fifty pages at the commencement which have been devoted to their proceedings had been added to the volume immediately preceding, the present might easily have been extended over another month, so as to end with December 1, 1651, the period for which the new Council was appointed, instead of the abrupt and arbitrary termination at October 31.

Of the 700 pages of which the volume consists, 100 are devoted to the index, and about eighty more to "Warrants by the Council of State for the payment of money," each of which occupies on an average one line, and the entries on the remaining 500 pages are for the most part almost as meagre and devoid of interest. During the first two months of the year the entries consist of nothing but Proceedings of Council of State and Orders in Parliament, most of them of trivial importance; but gradually as we proceed we become aware that the Council see danger looming in the distance. The preparations for the coming fight which ended in the disastrous battle of Worcester, Cromwell's "crowning mercy," are more frequent, and the Council become more and more suspicious of treason. At first the Commissioners of Militia are ordered to prevent meetings which, under pretence of cock-fighting and other amusements, seemed to be driving on designs against the Commonwealth. Next comes the dismantling of castles, especially in the Northern counties, the disaffection of which was suspected; and though the Council think they cannot be too grateful for the gracious providence of God, which is every day so multiplied, yet they consider it well to take every precaution against the malice of the enemies of peace, particularly as they have not yet so seen God's hand therein as to be convinced of his displeasure against them; and it is somewhat remarkable that as early as March 19 there was an order in Parliament that the Council of State take care the city of Worcester be forthwith made untenable. Worcester soon afterwards vindicated the sagacity of Parliament by issuing the order for throwing its gates open to Charles when he arrived there in the following September. That part of the country was especially suspected, and a month later it was ordered that Matchfield House, in the neighbourhood, belonging to Colonel Lyggin, should be made untenable as speedily as possible. And from this time forward for several weeks most of the despatches have reference to the defence of the country against what was thought to be imminent—an invasion from the enemy, i.e. the King's forces. Especially, several persons are committed to the Tower on the charge of high treason for correspondence with the enemies of the Commonwealth. Mrs. Green in her preface remarks:—

In the numerous letters sent out daily by Council there is an amusing discrepancy between their expressions of contempt for the enemy, and of confidence in a speedy and easy victory, and their intense anxiety to strain every nerve to meet the emergency, and especially to prevent the Scotch

army's reaching London; between their assurances of the utter want of sympathy in almost every quarter with the Royalist movement, and their strong, repressive measures against all persons suspected of disaffection.—Preface, p. xv.

Yet, in truth, there is nothing remarkable in this. It is nothing more than the attitude of people who wish to inspire confidence in others which shall secure a victory of which they are not so certain as they wish to appear to be, and who moreover are aware that there may be much behind the scenes of which they are very insufficiently informed. Amongst other pieces of intelligence which reached them was information sent from Cromwell, who was commanding the army in Scotland, that there was a dangerous conspiracy in Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales. Lancaster Castle, which had been ordered to be made untenable for fear of the enemy making use of it, was not dismantled even up to March 18, and accordingly a party of horse and foot are placed in the castle to secure it. These and other precautions taken anticipated the attempts of the King's friends, whose designs had been "by special providence" revealed to the Council of State. After the putting down of this apprehended rising, the Calendar reassumes its commonplace and uninteresting character.

The monotonous entries of the day's proceedings in Council are at length relieved by an extract from a private letter from Paris, August 9, detailing the feelings of the Queen-mother, Henrietta Maria, and the surprise felt at the Louvre at the tidings of the defeat the King's forces had sustained in Scotland. After this the entries become more interesting, as they contain definite expressions of opinion, as well as instructions issued by the Council of State. The advance into England is represented as the forlorn hope alone remaining to the Scots, and adopted amidst much difference of opinion as to its expediency. Nevertheless the Government could ill dissemble their want of information as to the amount of support the Scottish force might calculate upon in its advance southward. Matters must have looked ugly when the Council dispensed themselves from the observance of "the Sabbath Day," and actually sat both morning and evening on the Sundays of August. There was no further occasion to desecrate the Sabbath in September, because before the first Sunday in the month the disastrous battle of Worcester had been fought and the Royal party were no longer dangerous to the Commonwealth. To use their own expression, they had used their utmost diligence to bring together what forces they could, as holding it their duty to serve Providence in the use of means and not to tempt it. Writing to Cromwell they say:—

Having done that, we rest not upon an arm of flesh, as you well advise, but upon Him to whom it is equal to save by many or by few, even upon our God, who, being engaged in this great cause, the contrivement of His infinite wisdom, He will bring it to that good end He has appointed in His own good time, for He will work, and who shall let it? and use such instruments as He pleases for so much of his work and for so long as seems good to his wisdom. To the designs whereof we desire to be subservient, as our duty to God and our country binds us.—P. 381.

At last the news reached the Council on September 4 that it had "pleased God to give them a great victory against the Scotch army at Worcester yesterday, the fight lasting from 2 p.m. till dusk." An order was made next day of a gratuity of 30*l.* to the messenger who brought the news; and in a few days afterwards the several forces of militia were disbanded, as being unlikely to be required for further service. From this point to the end of the volume the entries of proceedings become again as uninteresting as those in the earlier pages. The general want of interest in the papers calendared in this volume is to a certain extent atoned for by a few private letters. Especially there is a graphic account given by a Royalist prisoner, a fortnight after the battle, of the gallant conduct of the King and the terrible confusion of the flight of the Royalists, who were fighting against such great odds, the country, instead of rising on their behalf, being represented as rising violently against them. Of the romantic escape of the King we have no account, though there are sundry papers relating to the ineffectual attempts of the Council of State to discover his hiding place. More than a month after the battle he was supposed to be in Staffordshire with the Duke of Buckingham; but no tidings of him reached the Government, and the orders issued to the custom-house officers of all the ports of England to have especial care that he should not sail for any foreign port were ineffectual. He was described as a tall man, above two yards high, with hair nearly black, which was supposed to have been cut short after the destruction of his army at Worcester. Nor does it appear probable that we shall hear anything more of his wonderful escape in the next volume, though, if we may judge from Mrs. Green's preface, it will commence with a letter from the King of November 1, 1651 (printed by mistake, we suppose, 1652), which might much better have appeared in this volume, and could have done so if the arrangement which we suggested above had been adopted. From this letter it appears that Charles had had almost enough of his Presbyterian friends. He is said to have replied to the remark of the Duke of Orleans, that it was rumoured that he had gone back to Scotland, "I had rather have been hanged."

It will be seen from what has been said that this Calendar supplies very little additional information on the history of the period. It must have been a very laborious task to analyse all the papers of which it is composed, and of which scarcely one in fifty contains matter of any interest. Nevertheless there are no indications that the editor has at all failed in what must have been an irksome toil. The political history is scarcely relieved by any notices of a literary character. Mrs. Green truly says that these are but scanty;

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1651. Preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office.* Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green, Author of "The Lives of the Princesses of England," &c. Published under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Longmans & Co. 1877.

but as regards these, as well as the political papers, she has called attention in her preface to nearly all that will interest the general reader. So completely indeed has she done this, that after hunting through the volume to find any State papers worth describing, we found we might have saved ourselves all the trouble by merely reading through the preface. It appears from one of these entries of October 1651 that the keeper of the Library at St. James's reports to the Council that the books and manuscripts were lying upon the floor in confused heaps, exposed to the depredations of rats, mice, and other vermin; but we are not informed as to what proceedings were taken in consequence of the report.

In the same month, a few days later, we have notice of the appointment of a Committee consisting of Cromwell, Whitelocke, Lisle, Pickering, and Harrison, "to consider of some fit person to write the history of these times, and to take the care and oversight thereof, and to consider likewise of a fit encouragement for the person or persons so employed, and how it may be raised and paid." But we are not informed as to the result of the deliberations of the Committee. The valuable memorials of the Civil War by Whitelocke, which were first published in 1682, were independent in their origin, and were begun long before the date of this appointment.

YRIARTE'S VENICE.*

THE Queen of the Adriatic, though sadly spoiled of her treasures and long ago written thread-bare, appears to offer irresistible charms to authors and artists. The present contribution to the literature of a subject all but inexhaustible, though not absolutely called for, and affording but little novelty, will not be wholly unwelcome to those who are content with a general view of Venice, her history, arts, and industries. The author is already favourably known by his *Vie d'un Patricien de Venise au seizième Siècle*. His narrative is lucid, he does not trouble himself with profound researches nor perplex his readers by obstinate questionings, the inference being that what cannot be easily learnt is not worth knowing at all. And, as is the text, so are the copious and well selected illustrations; they aim at being little more than pleasing transcripts of the architecture, the sculpture, and the scenic effects which are now familiar even to Cook's tourists. It will be easily conceived that between the volume before us and *The Stones of Venice* a wide gulf is set; the merits and the demerits of the one work are not shared by the other. M. Yriarte is not a word-painter; he is not beguiled by enthusiasm or misled by prejudice; he has no crotchets to maintain at the expense of common sense; to him the lagoons are plain and pleasant sailing, and he does not care to stop to watch the dying glory in the western sky, or to gaze on the phantom reflections of Byzantine and Gothic palaces in the waters of the Grand Canal. Whether taking to gondolier or trusting to his feet he ever pursues the even tenor of his way, and hence his career fails to arouse the ardour which years ago we felt when reading for the first time Mr. Ruskin's pages on the spot. Yet the ground traversed is the same. Perhaps no task that a traveller can set himself offers more pleasure or reward than that of tracking out among the great and small canals the architectural history of this strange city—the development of construction, the evolution of successive art styles.

This handsome folio work has now reached the end of the first half. The topics treated are the History of Venice, the Archives, Commerce and Navigation, the Arsenal, and the Architecture. The second and concluding half will comprise painting and printing, glass and mosaic, the city and its life. The narrative is seldom critical and not always accurate; for instance, even in the first page the traveller is supposed to wander among the "basilicas" of Venice; the writer evidently using the word without precise meaning, thinking possibly that old churches of the Byzantine type are necessarily basilicas. Again, when we get to the "Archives" we would gladly gain some definite details such as the researches of Mr. Rawdon Browne might easily have supplied. M. Yriarte, shunning all statistics, takes broad panoramic views, and accordingly, in common with Mr. Ruskin and others, divides the architectural phenomena before him into three distinctive genera, the Byzantine, the Gothic, and the Renaissance. But he does yet more; beginning naturally with the island of Torcello and its cathedral, he believes himself at the period "which the Italians call Roman-Christian." "The cathedral," writes M. Yriarte, "has been restored, but the restorations have not altered sensibly the form, and we have there an example of the highest interest, a most complete specimen of the epoch which in Venice preceded the Byzantine influence." And yet the evidence is so far from conclusive that Venetian antiquaries disagree as to whether this "most complete specimen" was built in the seventh century or was entirely rebuilt in the eleventh. The author in his rapid narrative, which is often more tantalizing than satisfying, naturally groups together as akin the cathedral and the adjacent church of Santa Fosca at Torcello, the duomo in the island of Murano and the cathedral of St. Mark in Venice. Not more worthy of study are the Cathedral, the Baptistry, the Campanile, and the Campo Santo of Pisa than these early buildings on the waters of the lagoons. The latter have not been neglected, and yet they will repay further study, and we shall await with some curiosity the concluding instalment of this work to learn the

writer's judgment on the mosaics which clothe the ancient walls. We have examined rather closely these mural pictures, which are said to be for eternity, but which in fact have proved the victims of time and of the restorer, and we know how great are the difficulties in determining dates and in discriminating the old work from the new. M. Yriarte is rather lenient as to the reckless restorations which in Venice almost more than in any other city confound chronology and vitiate history. For the most part he approves the powers that be and their doings; he can look with complacency even on the rebuilding of the Fondaco dei Turchi. On these matters French authors and architects hold latitudinarian views diametrically opposed to the tenets of the English societies which seek to protect ancient monuments.

The crypt of St. Mark furnishes some novel material. The site of the church is low; and the level of the sea which washes the Riva dei Schiavoni is slowly but surely rising. All foundations in ground which has been rescued from water, and in which water seeks to assert its former dominion, are necessarily insecure. This instability has given to Venice many a leaning tower, tottering wall, and undulating floor. St. Mark's shares the common fate; the mosaic pavement heaves up and down—the symbol, some have supposed, of the wave-tossed sea, but literally nothing more than the effect of the ground yielding to an irresistible pressure. The waters of the canals percolate the earth, flood cellars, mount the walls of houses, so that the lower stories are barely fit for habitation. Such is the condition of things which led to the flooding of the cathedral crypt and its consequent disuse for centuries. So completely indeed had this cistern-like chamber sunk into oblivion that only the other day a contemporary fell into the error of stating that its very existence had been but recently discovered. A short account of the mishaps which have overtaken this vaulted cell is fitly found in these pages. The crypt was begun in the ninth century, and from time to time repeated efforts have been made to free it from floods which covered the floor to the depth of two or more feet. We have seen the pavement of the Pantheon in like manner submerged by the stream of the Tiber. It is related that in 1563 great repairs were made at much expense; nevertheless, the wet increasing day by day, the priests were forced to abandon the altar. With the end, however, of rescuing the protecting image of the Virgin, a descent was made, with the sanction of the Doge, in the year 1604, and with great ceremony a procession was formed of the Senate and the Confraternity. They found the floor completely submerged, and with difficulty the image of the Virgin and Child, the statues of St. Peter, St. Mark, St. Catharine, and St. Ursula were removed and deposited in the reliquary of the church. For two centuries afterwards the crypt seems to have been abandoned in despair, but in 1811 a specially appointed Commission entering the vault actually discovered, if we are to believe M. Yriarte, the body of St. Mark, notwithstanding that, according to good authority, it had perished in the conflagration of A.D. 976. Renewed efforts were made in 1830 to shut out further infiltrations, but all in vain, and not till our own time has the desired remedy been discovered. The process and its result are described as follows:—

Le Commandeur Torelli, préfet de Venise, ayant été frappé des merveilleux résultats du ciment de Bergame, voulut tenter de l'appliquer à la restauration de la crypte de Saint Marc. . . . Le seuil a été complètement renouvelé et recouvert d'un mastic, composé de sable de la Brenta, de grès de Sile et de ciment de Bergame. Toutes les anciennes fenêtres ont été restaurées, d'autres ont été ouvertes afin d'éclairer cette partie souterraine de l'église. Le parement extérieur, du côté du canal, est soigneusement entouré d'une épaisse couche de ciment, pareille à celle de l'intérieur; enfin on a remis dans leur état primitif l'escalier communiquant de la crypte à l'église et l'autel au milieu du souterrain.

A ground plan and a view of the interior of the crypt are given among the illustrations to the present volume. We found the chamber, shortly after it was reopened, dry and clean; the visit we paid may have been a little disappointing, because the substructure is little else than might have been anticipated from the superstructure. The ground plan is that of a Greek cross, with a circular apse at the east arm. The simple round-arch vaulting, about ten feet high, is supported by more than sixty columns, about five feet high, of single shafts of Greek marble, without bases, crowned by Byzantine capitals. The sculptured ornament on the cushioned caps is elementary, but varied; in character it corresponds with work in the upper church. The four columns introduced to sustain the weight of the baldacchino in that church are of a later date and style.

We are once again reminded that the history of Venice is written in her stones. Apart from the question of art design we have many interesting facts as to the rich and highly-wrought materials which in bygone centuries migrated westward from the old centres of civilization. Thus the pillars of the portico of Santa Fosca are of pure Greek marble, and the columns in the crypt of St. Mark are, we have seen, of the same material. In the duomo in the island of Murano are fragments of an early structure on the mainland. And specially the church of St. Mark, which in its main body is Byzantine, dating back to the eleventh century, with Gothic additions and subsequent Renaissance intrusions, has been enriched by the spoils of antiquity. Speaking generally, the marbles, the capitals, the bas-reliefs come from the East. It is believed that after the Barbarians destroyed Aquileia and Heracleia all that remained of the ruins were transported to Torcello and Venice. M. Yriarte has passed long hours at Trieste in a solitary garden full of the debris and vestiges of Aquileia. "C'est le Lapidario Aquilense." We are told that as far back as the

* *Venise: Histoire, Arts, Industrie, la Ville, la Vie.* Par Charles Yriarte. Ouvrage orné de 400 gravures. Paris: J. Rothschild, Éditeur. 1877.

ninth century all captains and merchants trading with the East were required to bring the spoils of ancient monuments to Venice for the enrichment of St. Mark's. And not only were the churches of Torcello, Murano, and Venice thus adorned, but the external walls of private palaces are decorated even to this day with bas-reliefs, such as that of the well-known design of two peacocks drinking at a fountain. Further examples of such importations might easily be multiplied. The four horses on the façade of St. Mark came from Constantinople; so did the two monolith columns in the Piazzetta, which bear the winged lion and the figure of St. Theodore. Outside the baptistry of St. Mark stands a sculptured column from St. Saba of Acre, and the entrance to the arsenal is guarded by two colossal lions brought from Athens. These, among other data, justify M. Yriarte in laying especial stress on the orientalism of Venetian art. St. Mark's, as we have seen, is a medley as to materials, a conglomerate of successive formations, a museum alike for the archaeologist and the geologist. Indeed a traveller in search of a pretty theme for his pen or pencil might take "the stones of St. Mark," giving them extended geographic relations by tracing their origin back to distant quarries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, at periods when Venice held dominion along the shores of the Adriatic, of Greece, and of Asia. But the time came when in the East the Crescent obtained the ascendancy over the Cross, and then Venice sought compensation by extending her dominion upon the mainland. No more did sculptured and coloured marbles come from the coasts of the Grecian archipelago, no more were workers in mosaic brought from Constantinople; but instead thereof panels and canvases for pictures, and painters in fresco, tempera, and oil were imported from the plains of Lombardy, the valleys of Tuscany, and the hills of Umbria. Thus Byzantine, Saracenic, and Gothic styles were swept away by the rising tide of the Renaissance.

The origin and growth of Venetian Gothic—like a growth in nature, simple in its germs and manifold in its efflorescence—cannot be settled in a paragraph or elucidated by a diagram. M. Yriarte is so popular and elementary in his exposition that he recurs to the fanciful idea that the vaults and arcing of Gothic architecture might have been suggested by the avenues formed by forest trees. More to the purpose is the conjecture, fortified by a well-known arch and portal in St. Mark's, that at least certain types in Venetian Gothic owe their origin, not to the Germans in the North, but to the Saracens in the South. Our own observations would lead to the conclusion that the diversified and combined phenomena had not one but divers origins. The theory that certain plants first germinate, not at one, but at several centres, might hold good as applied to the birth of certain typical forms in art in various parts of the world about the same time. As to the pointed arch, it had become a necessity; mankind could not do without it, and an idea so obvious, combining utility with beauty, might easily occur to several minds almost simultaneously. The primary thought, once conceived, would naturally in the course of time, and under the inventive power of many minds, receive amplification; and thus the pointed piercing in a wall would at length become developed into a window of elaborate tracery, geometric and foliated in its decorative forms. Venice, with her geographical position and the ethnological diversity of her population, became a favourable meeting-place for all the phases of art which might exist at the four points of the compass. And yet it would be doing scant justice to her inventive powers to say that her art was eclectic rather than creative. What she borrowed she did not steal, but repaid with interest. The façades of her churches and palaces, whether decorated with Byzantine, Gothic, or Renaissance ornament, her rich interiors, whether adorned by the pencil of Giovanni Bellini, or of Titian, Tintoret, or Veronese, prove that her artists possessed strong individual character, preserved an essential originality, and formed a distinctive school—the school of Venice—distinguished for its diversity, and yet for its indissoluble unity, in architecture, sculpture, and painting.

After all that has been written about Venice there remains work to be done. We have still to wait for a book worthy of the subject. Mr. Ruskin wrote with great local knowledge, the fruit of repeated visits, but his data are partial, and his conclusions unstable. M. Yriarte is too credulous, and he lacks thoroughness. Perhaps the subject is too vast to fall within the compass of one mind or of one life.

NĀRADĪYA DHARMASĀSTRA.*

THE "Institutes of Nārada" is an old Hindu law-book, of which Dr. Jolly of Würzburg has produced an English version of the original Sanskrit. Primarily the work is addressed to those who are engaged in the administration of Hindu law; but it will no doubt attract attention in a wider circle. It is dedicated to Sir H. S. Maine, and philosophic lawyers of his school will welcome it as a valuable contribution to comparative jurisprudence. Hindu law has been self-developed. No external influences have affected it; no legacies of an older civilization have influenced its form and character. It is a purely Hindu production, marked by and marking the peculiar character of the

people among whom it sprang up. This gives it a value quite independent of its bearing upon the Hindu people, and makes it of more than ordinary importance for the history of the origin and progress, concord and diversity, of laws.

Hindu law, as laid down by the sages of antiquity, comes under the general head of *Smṛiti*, "what was remembered," as distinguished from the *Śruti*, "what was heard." By the latter is meant the Veda, the revealed word; by the former the tradition handed down from the Vedic sages. The oldest writings on law are the *Dharma-sūtras*, "aphorisms on law or established custom," written partly in prose, partly in mixed prose and verse. After them come the metrical versions and expansions of these aphorisms. Most of these latter works, or *Sāstras*, pass under the names of Vedic sages, as Yājñavalkya, Parāśara, and Nārada, though it is self-evident that they were written long after the days of the men whose names they bear. The work of *Manu* is too well known to need more than a passing reference here. He was and is, according to "native tradition, the first of lawgivers and the fountain-head of jurisprudence." But his work is not a pure law-book. It is mixed up with matter concerning the Creation, transmigration, hells for the punishment of sinners in a future life, and various other subjects which have little or no relation to law. This is the case, more or less, with most of these old law-books; but the work bearing the name of Nārada is strictly confined to law. The date of the composition of Nārada's "Institutes" is unknown. They are later than the work of Yājñavalkya, as the latter was posterior to Manu. This and other inferences seem to point to the fifth century A.D. as about the time of their composition. The work has hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans, and MSS. of it are by no means plentiful. But it is a work which has been held in the highest estimation by all the Sanskrit writers on law, and there is no text-book which has been more quoted, especially upon the subject of inheritance.

The work opens with a chapter on Judicature. Its first verse says:—"Judicial procedure has been instituted for the protection of the human race, as a safeguard of law, and in order to take off from kings the responsibility for crimes committed in their kingdoms." The king was the fountain-head of all justice, but he had his law-courts and judges; so that, although he is enjoined to "take the law code for his guide," and to "deal even-handed justice to all his subjects," the law, as in other lands, was administered in his name and under his authority. Here are two consecutive maxims, which have a bearing upon questions of the present day in Europe. It is curious to see the opinions of an old Hindu lawyer upon such points:—

Where religious and secular rules are at variance, the secular rules have to be put aside and the religious precepts followed.

The law ordains to take logic for one's guide, when the sacred law cannot be applied, for the evidence in a law-suit is more decisive than the law, and overrules the law.

The work after this proceeds to deal with the question of debts, and although there are some strange provisions to meet the peculiar relations of Hindu society, the rules are upon the whole equitable and wise. It then deals with the question of evidence, which it thus defines:—"Written proof, witnesses, and possession are the three kinds of evidence. . . . A document remains always evidence, witnesses as long as they live, and possession becomes evidence after a lapse of time." The rules as to witnesses are very precise, and the persons declared incompetent to give evidence are numerous. Most of the grounds of disqualification are reasonable, but some of them are unintelligible and puzzled Nārada himself. He says, "Learned Brāhmins, ascetics, and religious devotees, are those incapacitated by interdiction; there is no other reason given for it." One law of evidence is strongly at variance with our own, as it admits evidence obtained by hearsay from a witness who dies or goes abroad after receiving the summons. Those who are acquainted with the worthlessness of oral evidence in India at the present day will feel how completely wise and righteous precepts have failed to produce a corresponding practice. Nārada says, "A witness who speaks the truth in giving evidence will obtain splendid places of abode hereafter, and the highest fame here below; such testimony is revered by Brahma himself." On the other hand, the punishments denounced against false witnesses are fearful and ingeniously horrible. Ordeals occupy a very prominent position. They are five in number, "the balance, fire, water, poison, and sacred libation"; but these were only to be resorted to with the assent of the plaintiff. Each season of the year had its appropriate ordeal; fire is ordained for the rainy season, water for the hot. The balance was for Brāhmins, fire for Kshatriyas, water for Vaiśyas, and poison for Sūdras. The ordeal of the balance was a very harmless affair, invented no doubt for the behoof of Brāhmins. The balance was to be raised with due ceremony, and the person undergoing compurgation was weighed and taken out of the balance. After some further ceremony he was weighed again. If he had "increased in weight he was not innocent, but if he remained equal in weight or became lighter his innocence was established." It required a very robust faith to believe that by these means the facts would be "put beyond the reach of doubt and a just sentence be the result." The ordeal by fire was more of a reality. Seven circles "covering a space of two hundred and twenty-four inches" were to be drawn on the ground. Seven fig-leaves were to be placed in the hand of the person undergoing the ordeal, and on them was to be laid a red-hot ball of iron, which he was to carry slowly and deposit in the inmost circle. The ordeal by water was rather curious, and gave no chance to

* *Nārādīya Dharmasāstra*; or, the *Institutes of Nārada*. Translated, for the first time, from the Unpublished Original Sanskrit, by Dr. Julius Jolly, University, Würzburg. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

any one but a good swimmer. It depended on the person's power to remain under water while an arrow was discharged and brought back again. The rules of this ordeal are vague, and so perhaps gave a better chance of escape than was intended. The ordeal by poison requires no description beyond the statement that the use of certain very deadly poisons was forbidden and the weight of the dose was described. The ordeal of the "sacred libation" was again a very simple matter. Water in which an image of the deity had been bathed was to be given to the accused person. If any misfortune happened to him "within a week or a fortnight" afterwards he was to be deemed guilty. The "or a fortnight" is quite worthy of the rest of the rules on this subject—it would be absurd to call them laws. It is a marvel how they ever found their place in a code of laws marked by so much good sense and reason.

The Hindu criminal law, and much of the civil law, disappeared in a greater or less degree wherever the Mahomedans established their power; and it was toned down and mitigated by modern influences, even in those countries which remained under Hindu rule. In the British territories nothing of it is now left save the "Law of Inheritance." The Hindus contrived to keep this law alive during the long centuries of Mahomedan oppression; and it is needless to say that under British rule it has been respected and upheld. In the early days our judges, in the administration of this law, were entirely dependent upon the expositions given to them by their pundits, or professional law-officers, upon stated cases. But this was soon found unsatisfactory, and efforts were made to give the judges some control over their pundits by opening up the sources from which the pundits themselves drew their opinions. Warren Hastings took the first step, and under his direction Halhed produced his "Code of Gentoo Law," which was a translation through the Persian of an original Sanskrit treatise. This was not of much practical value. Sir W. Jones followed with his translation of Manu. Then came Colebrooke, whose knowledge of Sanskrit and of Hindu law has never been excelled. His translations, as Dr. Jolly gracefully says, "have stood the test of nearly fourscore years and corresponding progress of Sanskrit scholarship." They remain the standard authorities, but they have been followed by translations of many other works of greater or less repute. English writers have made themselves masters of these works, and have produced independent treatises of their own, so that in these days Englishmen have nothing to learn from Hindu lawyers. Their translations and books indeed are often the principal sources from which native lawyers now obtain their knowledge. The text-books of Manu, Yājñavalkya, and Nārada, precise and comprehensive as they were, proved unequal to the test of time. The manifold diversities and complications of human affairs presented cases and nice points for which no provision, or very indefinite and inadequate provision, had been made. This gave rise to a new school of writers, who selected maxims from the old writers as their texts, and in the spirit of professional lawyers wrote commentaries upon them of considerable length. Some produced digests dealing with the whole range of law; others confined themselves to particular topics, as the "Law of Inheritance" or the "Law of Adoption." At the head of the modern school comes a work called the *Mitāksharā*, which was written towards the end of the eleventh century. This work takes for its basis the *smṛiti* of Yājñavalkya, but it does not confine itself to the texts of that sage. It very frequently quotes Nārada. The *Mitāksharā* is now the chief authority throughout India, with the exception of Bengal Proper. That section of it which treats of inheritance was translated by Colebrooke, and justifies the high estimation in which the work has always been held. There are numerous other works, and from the preference shown for particular writers in certain parts of the country it has become customary to speak of five distinct schools of law—those of Benares, Drāvida, Mahārāshtra, Mithila, and Bengal. But the first four are in the main the same. All recognize the law of the *Mitāksharā*, but they show a natural preference for works of local origin. There are differences of principle, but not of very great importance. Chief among them is the power which the law of Mahārāshtra alone confers upon a widow of adopting a son to her deceased husband. The Mithila lawyers incline in some respects to the innovating views of the Bengal writers. The Bengal school is of later date. Its chief representatives are the *Dāya-Bhāgā*, or Law of Inheritance of Jimūta Vāhana, translated by Colebrooke, Jagannātha's Digest, also translated by Colebrooke, and the *Dāya Tatva*. The Bengal writers allow greater freedom to the proprietor, and a widow obtains greater rights than under the *Mitāksharā*. *Factum valet* is a recognized maxim with these lawyers, and under its influence some forbidden or censurable actions obtain legal force. It is through this doctrine that in Bengal the right of making a will has been established. Notwithstanding the transparent fallacy of the arguments and illustrations by which the doctrine of *factum valet* was supported, the power of executing a will was gradually established, and has been distinctly recognized by our Courts.

Dr. Jolly seems to have done his work most carefully, and has spared no pains either in verifying his text or in executing his translation. He has traced the maxims of his author through many of the works of later writers, and the references he has made enable the student to see what use has been made of this text-book, and how the old principles of law have been interpreted and applied by lawyers of comparatively modern times.

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM.*

THE *Breaking of the Storm* is a strangely unequal story of some four hundred pages each must be a severe trial even for German patience, while a fair comprehension of the intricate plot demands extraordinary powers of application and memory. The prosaic is largely blended with the romantic and extravagant. Speculators and financial adventurers rub shoulders with mysterious beings, the victims of their own unbridled passions, who seem to be driven by the Furies of the Greek dramatists. There is a good deal of contemporary German politics, for the scenes are laid in the present day and turn partly on the development of the new-born Empire. We are introduced to all classes of society; to high officials, civil and military, country gentlemen, seamen, farmers, artists, officers, employers of labour, and turbulent members of the industrial classes. Now we are in drawing-rooms in the mansions of aristocratic Berlin; now in studios or workshops or bankers' ante-rooms. There is a superabundance of impassioned love intrigue and exciting incident. The story has a dramatic beginning in a narrow escape from shipwreck, and comes to a climax in the terrible storm that breaks both metaphorically and literally over all the personages most nearly interested. In the closing chapters a crowd of the characters are transported by a bold stroke of the novelist into the country that is to be submerged by an inbreak of the ocean; so that the unpleasant persons who have deserved retribution are made to perish more or less honourably or miserably, according as they deserve our sympathies or our unmixed detestation. We have a murder by mistake, and a suicide besides, and as most of the unfortunates are either the near relations or the intimate friends of the survivors, it will be seen that the ending is far from cheerful, although certain couples are happily mated. The truth is, that the story is prosy as a whole, and in places almost a burlesque of the extravagantly sensational. So much so, indeed, that it is not easy to imagine why it should have been singled out for translation, which by the way has been done exceedingly well. At the same time we are far from saying that, independently of the author's name and fame, the novel has not much to recommend it. The numerous studies or sketches of character, although sometimes fanciful or strangely over-coloured, are generally effective and markedly distinctive. There are flashes of unmistakable talent which occasionally break out like the great storm through the clouds, to lighten what was threatening to become wearisome. There are situations which are powerfully conceived, and passages of considerable pathos and beauty; there are striking contrasts of conflicting natures brought into violent friction by the pressure of circumstances. Lastly, there are many excellent descriptions of nature, in which the most is made of the picturesque elements in landscapes that in their predominating features are often monotonously dull or actually forbidding.

Had it pleased Herr Spielhagen to be more simple, he would in our opinion have been infinitely more successful. The group of his leading characters leaves very little to desire; most of them, as we have said, are cleverly defined types, while in the centre of them stands out a charming couple whose love passages and struggles with difficulties make a pleasing little romance. The romance begins in the circumstances of their first meeting. Elsa von Werben, with her father the General, are passengers on board a steamer which is coasting the dangerous German shores in treacherous weather. The pigheaded captain runs his vessel aground among the shoals and sand-banks, and a hasty disembarkation is effected at some inconvenience and risk. There is no great opportunity for playing the hero; but a handsome young seafaring man, with a prepossessing manner and "honest eyes," shows the heroic stuff he is made of and earns the gratitude and admiration of Elsa. It comes out moreover that the manly and modest stranger has won his spurs and grade in the French campaign, distinguishing himself on the bloody field of Gravelotte. With him it is a case of love at first sight, and we might almost say the same of the young lady, although she is chilled by a sense of the distance that divides them. For the merchant captain and lieutenant in the army reserve bears the plebeian name of Reinhold Schmidt; while Fräulein von Werben is the highborn daughter of a proud family of the military caste that has always been closely attached to the Court. As she is a devoted and dutiful daughter Reinhold's chances seem desperate, and his heart sinks when he thinks of the madness of his aspirations. But we are given to understand from the first that the brave is to win the fair, and Schmidt scores a point in his favour at the beginning by making an excellent impression on the dignified General. Luck in the next place befriends him again when he secures something of an ally in Elsa's brother, a gay young officer in the Imperial Guards, who has been smitten by the transcendent charms of a cousin of the handsome mariner. Then the course of Reinhold's love is smoothed in a measure by the levelling influences of the eager chase after money which is mingling the different classes in the aristocratic society of Berlin. He has no fortune himself, but he happens to have wealthy relatives. And the General, with others of the military caste, is more or less directly interested in speculative projects which compel them to condescend to unfamiliar acquaintanceships. Besides, Reinhold's professional knowledge makes his opinion of value in the question of a concession of a new harbour. But with the exposition of these speculative intrigues

* *The Breaking of the Storm*. By Friedrich Spielhagen. Translated by T. E. A. H. Stephenson. London: Bentley & Son. 1877.

confusion sets in. Henceforth Elsa and Reinhold are half lost in a shifting mob of people, which goes on gathering to the end of the story; and while their fortunes are held in suspense they subside into secondary importance.

We may say that we have read the book with considerable care, and yet we have carried away but a vague notion of the plot, although, on the other hand, we retain a vivid impression of certain persons and detached incidents. There is Ernest Schmidt, the uncle of Reinhold, a fine specimen of the revolutionary patriots and advanced radicals who gave the German authorities so much trouble in 1848. Perversely wrong-headed, yet thoroughly honest, quick-tempered, generous, and insensible to fear, he exercises in his own workshops the autocracy which he detests in the German Chancellor. As a man of large property and an extensive employer of labour, he has as little sympathy with the communistic ideas dominant among the working classes of Berlin as with the principles of Trade-unionism. As for his feelings towards Bismarck, there is only one man whom he hates more, and that is his next-door neighbour General Von Werben. It seems the most impossible of all unlikely things that the aristocrat and the burgher should be brought into close contact: still more that they should have any common family interest. But old Schmidt has an only daughter, who has inherited his good looks and, unhappily, something of his impracticable temper. Ferdinanda is imbued with an intense genius for art, and, in her appreciation of the beautiful, she returns the passion of the handsome Ottomar von Werben, the General's son and heir. Her attachment is serious enough, and, as she has a studio of her own and is most independent in her habits, the little love affair goes smoothly forward, while the parents on both sides are profoundly ignorant of it. Ottomar, who is the victim of his impulses, scarcely knows whether he is in earnest or not; he is overwhelmed with debts and half engaged elsewhere, and moreover, even while he clasps her in his arms, he has an uneasy feeling that the violently enamoured Ferdinanda is a stronger nature than his own. Malice and jealousy brought about a disclosure by means of anonymous letters to the parents. And then we have a couple of telling interviews when the General first summons his son to his presence, and next pays a formal visit to Schmidt to prefer a formal request for the hand of his daughter. We appreciate the honourable General and his pure-minded daughter the more that the author gives anything but a pleasant picture of high German society. The men are eaten up with pride, though ready enough to put their pride in their pockets for a pecuniary consideration. The simple, inexpensive habits of their fathers are a thing of the past, and they have to stoop to flatter the vulgar millionaires whose wealth they envy and long to share. They are as ready to intrigue for concessions which they know can be profitable to no one but the promoters as any of those wire-pullers in the city of London who have at any time obtained unenviable notoriety in our law courts. As for the women, they are showy and frivolous, and lacking alike in modesty of mind and manners. Their most sprightly talk, and the vein of scandal in which they freely indulge, may be sufficiently true to nature and the reality; but it justifies all that unfriendly critics like M. Tisot have to say of the difference between the tone of German drawing-rooms and the witty malice that one is amused by in Parisian salons. Next to Elsa von Werben, the most agreeable of the well-born ladies is a little provincial girl, Meta von Strummen, who is perfectly fresh, frank, and unsophisticated. The Italians in the story are more fanciful and melodramatic than the Germans. There is one, Signor Giraldis, who has formed an intimate *liaison* with a wealthy sister of General von Werben; he has apparently an extraordinary aptitude for intrigue, of which, however, he gives few tangible proofs, and he exercises a mysterious influence on most of the people he meets, as much by means of the potent secret connexions he has in high places in the South as by his marvellous talents. But all his subtle scheming ends in a miserable catastrophe, when he is drowned in the great irruption of the waters in a struggle with another Italian gone mad, who was in reality his natural son.

Notwithstanding Herr Spielhagen's unquestionable talent, we cannot say that, on the whole, the novel is satisfactory in any sense. Its scope is very much too comprehensive; nor does the author give evidence of the constructive talent that would have justified him in making so ambitious an attempt. As we have said already, it is very unequal, and we believe that one would do it justice rather than the reverse by dipping into it by chapters at random, in place of committing oneself to the labour of reading it.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE second volume of G. F. Hertzberg's history of post-classical Greece* comprises a period of great interest, and one not in general well known. It may be defined as that of active Latin interference in the affairs of Hellas, beginning with the capture of Constantinople by the Crusaders in 1204, and ending with the conquest of Negropont by the Turks in 1470. The incidents of this period are varied and dramatic, but its chief significance, as ably pointed out by Herr Hertzberg, consists in the conflict between Latin and Greek ideas, between the new eager life of the West and the traditions of Byzantine formalism. It is a curious but fruitless speculation to consider what might have been the

destinies of Greece if there had been no Turk, or no Oriental schism. Western chivalry was for a while fairly transplanted to Greece; the peninsula became the battle ground of all the Latin nations. Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians appear mixed in picturesque confusion with Greeks, Turks, Bulgarians, and Servians. No circumstance, perhaps, more profoundly influenced the destiny of the land than a complete victory gained in Boeotia by the Catalonians over the French, the result of which was to introduce the laws of Barcelona into Athens. This brilliant and grotesque medley of associations will give some idea of the picturesque variety of Herr Hertzberg's narrative. Its chief drawback, from an artistic point of view, is the absence of any leading or commanding figure. Interesting personages are numerous, but not one stands out clearly from the crowd. The author's style is attractive, and, though far from carrying the same weight of authority, he is certainly more readable than his great English predecessor, Mr. Finlay. A third volume will record the history of Greece under Turkish rule, and a fourth will be devoted to that of the modern Kingdom.

There are few episodes of European history on which it is possible to look back with more sincere pleasure than on the part played by Sweden during the Thirty Years' War. It may fairly be questioned whether the action of any State of no greater extent than Sweden has at any other time counted for so much as an element in European politics, or has been productive of so distinct and unmixed a benefit to the world. Dr. Odhner, Professor of History in a Swedish University, aims at showing that his countrymen were not more distinguished by valour and conduct in the field than by moderation in diplomatic pretensions, and fidelity to the cause of their allies. It certainly appears that the security of the Protestant religion was the cardinal object of the Swedish negotiators, that egotistic interests fell into the background, and that the utmost demands of Sweden were by no means exorbitant. The principal points were a moderate pecuniary indemnity and an establishment in Pomerania, which offended no national susceptibilities at that period. Many other important circumstances connected with the conclusion of the Treaty of Westphalia are amply illustrated; as, for example, the pressure put upon the still obstinate Emperor by the Elector of Bavaria.

Herr von Samot, late Austrian Attaché at Constantinople, is a Turcophile of the type of the late Mr. Urquhart, who holds, not merely that the Turks have a vested interest in Turkey, but that their ways and works are actually more conformable to the standard of absolute reason than those of Western nations. It need not be said that the instances adduced in confirmation of this proposition are very far fetched and inconclusive; and the real value of his book consists, not in paradoxes, but in statistics. Accurate information on this head is most essential, and tends to correct misrepresentations as well as mistakes. In a recent ethnographical map of Turkey, for example, the province of Roumelia appears arrayed in green, but pitted with diminutive red spots, suggestive of the possibility of discovering a few Turks by careful microscopic observation. In fact, as appears from the official returns, the proportion of Turks to Christians is at least one to two, while the general proportion of Christians to Mohammedans throughout European Turkey seems to be nearly eleven to eight. In Asia the Mussulmans preponderate, and Herr von Samot, like Baron de Worms, does a bit of sharp practice for his client by including Egypt, which, though nominally under the Sultan's rule, is in reality entirely outside the question.

It is no new thing for Constantinople to be menaced by an army from the North, although the only two occasions on which it has hitherto succumbed have been to forces from the opposite quarter. Dr. Jireček, the historian of Bulgaria, enumerates the various inroads of Goth, Hun, Avar, Bulgarian, and Russian, which have disquieted the rulers of Constantinople from the days of Valens to the days of Abdül Hamid. His compendious narrative is accompanied with most interesting and valuable topographical and historical details of all descriptions, including a notice of the principal itineraries, some of which are reprinted in an appendix. The general conclusion is that Constantinople has not owed its impregnability to the obstacles opposed by the Balkans, which are more defensible on the southern side than on the northern, as the Turks under Suleiman Pasha seem to have recently experienced.

Herr Sterneck§ appears to have examined the Austrian dominions on the Adriatic coast with special reference to their railway communications. He gives but a poor account of the Dalmatian coast, which is represented as almost devoid of wood and water. Its population is declining, while that of Bosnia, in spite of chronic anarchy, is increasing. Dalmatia is a virtual dependency of Bosnia, and must be brought into intimate connexion with it; it is therefore a mistake to construct coast lines which contribute nothing to this result, but Bosnia must be opened up by railways leading from the coast into the interior. It seems to follow, although Herr Sterneck abstains from drawing the inference, that, if Austria wishes to improve her Dalmatian pro-

* *Die Politik Schwedens im Westphälischen Friedenscongress und die Gründung der schwedischen Herrschaft in Deutschland.* Von Dr. C. T. Odhner. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Völker des osmanischen Reiches. Beiträge zur Förderung orientalischen Studien.* Von A. Ritter zur Helle von Samo. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Heerstrasse von Belgrad nach Constantinopel und die Balkanpässe.* Von Dr. C. J. Jireček. Prag: Tempsky. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Geographische Verhältnisse, Communicationen, und das Reisen in Bosnien, der Herzegovina und Nord-Montenegro.* Von H. Sterneck. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Geschichte Griechenlands seit dem Absterben des antiken Lebens.* Von G. F. Hertzberg. Th. 2. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

vince, she must acquire Bosnia also. One interesting section of his work relates to the curious and hitherto unexplained ancient gravestones found in the Herzegovina. They are frequently sculptured, but never inscribed with letters; and no weapons, utensils, or other ordinary accompaniments of sepulture have hitherto been found in them.

There is a danger of persons more or less acquainted with Russia presuming upon their knowledge, and taking it for granted that the public will be in no humour for nice distinctions at so interesting a crisis as the present. Sooth to say, Herr von Lengenfeldt's volume of "Sketches from Russia" * is a flagrant piece of book-making, from which very little can be derived in aid of a sound judgment on the momentous questions suggested by the present state of the Empire. The most serious part of the book consists of two chapters on the treatment of political prisoners in Siberia, principally referring to transactions of old date, and compiled, as the author ingenuously states, from a work by the Russian writer Maximoff. The rest of the volume is composed of literary sketches of no great value, and reminiscences of the author's residence in Russia, now by no means recent.

Turkestan† is an example of a country highly interesting from its geographical situation and political relations, while devoid of almost every other description of interest, physical, moral, or historical. Some associations with commerce, learning, and legend adorn its principal cities—Cashgar, Samarcand, and Bokhara; otherwise it seems extraordinary how so rude and poverty-stricken a region should have afforded Herr Petzholdt matter for so really interesting a book. The secret lies in the writer's minute accuracy and his quick intelligence in grasping every circumstance, no matter how trifling, capable of affording the least item of amusement or instruction. He thus flourishes where a less observant traveller would have starved; and, by an unintermitting series of ingenious and suggestive remarks, carries us pleasantly to the end of a narrative undistinguished by any striking incident. Such incidents are hardly to be expected in a country under a monotonous but efficient military rule, where the old elements of national existence are repressed, and the new have not yet taken root. The number of colonists is as yet exceedingly small, although the Russian Government has found a method of increasing it by the transplantation of refractory Cossacks. Of the general beneficence of Russia's action in these regions there can be no question; but it is rather alarming to find Herr Petzholdt (who, as a *Professor emeritus* of the University of Dorpat, is not unnaturally strongly biased in favour of his adopted country) laying it down that her philanthropic mission can by no means be fulfilled unless she is allowed to absorb a considerable slice of Persia, some little of Afghanistan, the feeble remains of Khiva and Bokhara, of course, and most probably Cashgar also, unless the Chinese are beforehand with her. This seems a good deal to charge for civilizing the Turcomans, and reminds us of the old story of the monk's undertaking to make soup out of a stone, provided only that meal and onions and pepper and salt were added as occasion required. Herr Petzholdt further presents us with a map of Turkestan as it is to be, by which we perceive that Meshed and Herat are included within its legitimate frontiers. He seems to think this can be arranged without offence or inconvenience to anybody; but when we consider that Meshed is not merely a Persian city, but a Persian holy city, we feel convinced that he greatly overrates the complaisance of Persia, as in the matter of Herat he assuredly does the complaisance of England. In fact, his work is better adapted to confirm than to allay the prevalent jealousy of Russian aggressiveness. No partisanship, however, seems to interfere with his statements as to matters of fact, which present every internal evidence of accuracy. His journeys were performed from Taschkend, as a centre, to Samarcand, Khojend, Julek, and Kulджа. One special section of his book treats of the characters and capacities of the various races inhabiting the country; another, discussing the topographical problems of the region, is of considerable interest to geographers and military men.

We are indebted to Herr Oscar Canstatt ‡ for a tolerably full, but rather unmethodical, account of Brazil, beginning with topographical details and natural history, passing on to the political history of the country, and terminating with the author's own experiences of travel. These were chiefly restricted to the cities of the seaboard, whose leading characteristics are accurately, if not very elegantly, conveyed by a number of indifferently executed illustrations after photographs. The writer, however, also visited the German settlements, which he describes as in the main prosperous, although, in addition to the more ordinary hindrances to colonization, they have been afflicted with a most extraordinary outbreak of religious fanaticism, resulting in a rebellion only suppressed with great loss of life. Though severe on Brazilian indolence, Herr Canstatt judges the people, on the whole, very favourably—a leniency which the grateful traveller cannot well avoid exercising in favour of a nation whose most conspicuous virtue is hospitality.

Dr. Steinschneider § has prepared a curious and interesting

catalogue of controversial works on the Mohammedan religion in the Arabic language, including equally defence and attack on the part of Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians. The number of such books is very considerable, though most exist only in manuscript, and some are only known from quotations. The list includes several works not strictly controversial—as, for instance, capitulations made by the Christians with their Mohammedan conquerors, and discussions on such nice points as whether Christ will judge the world according to the law of Mohammed or his own. The mere statement of the question demonstrates the erroneousness of many common notions respecting Mohammedanism. There is also an interesting section on the apologetic literature of the Druses.

A treatise on the rights of authors, artists, and patentees, by Dr. Oscar Wächter *, seems to afford a full exposition of the law of Germany on this important subject.

In an essay on the philosophy of Schopenhauer, Herr Otto Busch † endeavours to show how dogma may exist without religion. If he had no religion himself there could be no dispute as to his success, for he is assuredly dogmatic enough. He is, however, an absolute votary of Schopenhauer's, and it is not easy to see why the Buddhism of Frankfurt should be held disinterested to the character of a religion any more than the Buddhism of Ceylon. In general, notwithstanding an agreeable vein of humour, Herr Busch seems to have done little more than repeat what has already been said with more point by Schopenhauer himself.

B. Carneri's criticism of Hartmann ‡ is aimed at the latter from the Darwinian point of view, and is partly designed as a reply to his essay on "the Truth and Error of Darwinism." Its drift is to represent Hartmann as a mystic, which phrase in Herr Carneri's vocabulary seems to denote a believer in final causes. Much the same attitude is assumed in Dr. F. Schultze's discourse on the office of natural philosophy §, which is defined as the regulation of metaphysical inquiry by the empirical method.

Professor Huber undertakes to answer the question proposed by Napoleon to Jacobi, "Qu'est-ce que la matière?" ¶ although, as he admits, scarcely with the brevity and promptness required by Napoleon. He makes great use of the recent discoveries and newest theories in physics, and his essay is chiefly remarkable as a proof that these are fully as available for the advocates of a spiritual principle in nature as for the impugnors of it. The conclusion finally reached is that matter is the veil of Isis, and that Isis is an intelligence antecedent to material circumstances, not a product of their operation.

Parts IV. and V. of the second volume of *Nord und Süd* ¶ contain several papers of interest, including a very fair, genial, but by no means indiscriminately laudatory, critique on Victor Hugo by Paul Lindau; an essay by Alfred Woltmann on the recent performances of Prussian artists, especially those devoted to the celebration of the national history, and some curious anecdotes of the Russian censorship by T. Meyer von Waldeck, principally relating, however, to what is acknowledged to be a bygone phase of that institution. There are also novelettes by W. Jensen and L. Unzengruber.

General von Hartmann's critique in the *Rundschau* * on the Bulgarian campaign brings its history down to the day before the second battle of Plevna, which must evidently have taken him by surprise, as it did other military observers. The General is somewhat tedious and sententious, but it is to his honour as a strategist to have so clearly pointed out, when General Gourko was still to the south of the Balkans, that the campaign could not be decided in that quarter. Professor Haeckel contributes an interesting and picturesque account of his recent visit to Corfu, in which he speaks most highly of the English administration, now vainly regretted by the inhabitants. Diverging thence to the mainland, he condemns Turkish misgovernment without reserve, but thinks that the Greeks require a large infusion of German and Latin immigrants. The Greeks, we suspect, would prefer the Turks to either. The other contributions include a pretty but melancholy story by Ernst Wichert, entitled "A Violin"; a philosophical essay by Moritz Carrière; and a continuation of General von Brandt's reminiscences of the ignominious and now scarcely remembered days of the Berlin anarchy of 1848.

* *Das Urheberrecht an Werken der bildenden Künste, Photographien und gewerblichen Mustern.* Von Dr. Oscar Wächter. Stuttgart: Encke. London: Kolckmann.

† *Arthur Schopenhauer. Beitrag zu einer Dogmatik der Religionslosen.* Von Otto Busch. Heidelberg: Brasmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Der Mensch als Selbstzweck. Eine positive Kritik der Unbewussten.* Von B. Carneri. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Ueber Bedeutung und Aufgabe einer Philosophie der Naturwissenschaft.* Von Dr. Fritz Schultze. Jena: Dufft. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Forschung nach der Materie.* Von Johannes Huber. München: Ackermann. London: Nutt.

¶ *Nord und Süd. Eine deutsche Monatschrift.* Bd. 2. Hft. 4 and 5. Berlin: Stilke. London: Nutt.

* *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. III. Hft. 12. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

PARIS.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines.

* *Skizzen aus Russland.* Von T. von Lengenfeldt. Berlin: Wedekind & Schwieger. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Umschau in Russischen Turkestan (im Jahre 1871). Nebst einer allgemeinen Schilderung des Turkestanischen Beckens.* Von Alexander Petzholdt. Leipzig: Fries. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Brasilien. Land und Leute.* Von Oscar Canstatt. Berlin: Mittler. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Polemische und apologetische Literatur in arabischer Sprache zwischen Muslimen, Christen, und Juden.* Von M. Steinschneider. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

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R. KERSHAW, Secretary.

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A LECTURE, introductory to the Session, will be given on Tuesday, October 2, at 11.30 A.M., by Professor W. C. WILLIAMSON, F.R.S., Subject: "The Present Position of the Doctrine of Evolution in its Relations to the Development of the Animal Kingdom."
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Any further information desired by intending Candidates may be obtained on application to the Deputy Town Clerk, Reading.

Town Hall, Reading, August 1877.

HENRY DAY,

Deputy Town Clerk, Reading.

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Further information and copies of the Scheme of the Endowed School Commissioners may be obtained of the Clerk, to whom applications with Testimonials must be forwarded on or before Saturday the 10th day of November next. Candidates are requested not to canvass.

By order of the Governors,

A. H. BURGESS, Clerk.

Berridge Street, Leicester, September 11, 1877.

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